AIRS DE COUR - BOËSSET



# AIRS DE COVR
## AVEC LA TABLATVRE DE LVTH


DE ANTHOYNE DE BOESSET,


*Surintendant de la Musique de la Chambre du Roy, & de la Reyne.*



SEIZIESME LIVRE.



A PARIS,

Par ROBERT BALLARD, seul Imprimeur de la Musique du Roy, demeurant ruë sainct Iean de Beauuais, à l'enseigne du mont Parnasse.

1643.

*Auec Priuilege de sa Majesté.*





# A MONSEIGNEVR SEGVIER, CHANCELIER DE FRANCE.



MONSEIGNEVR,

Les meilleures productions que j'ay sçeu tirer de mon exercice ordinaire, n'ont point eu d'autre but que le diuertissement & la satisfaction de sa Majesté, qui les cognoist & les ayme de telle sorte, que j'ay trouué dans son approbation la plus haute recompense que j'en pouuois desirer. I'ay pris aussi la hardiesse de luy dedier presque tout ce que j'en ay mis au jour, & si j'ay fait la mesme offrande à quelque eminente vertu, ç'a esté pour rendre mon hom-

mage à ceux que le Roy luy-mesme honoroit de ses plus grandes faueurs. L'election qu'il a faite en vous, MONSEIGNEVR, d'vn si digne chef de la Iustice, & l'estime que vous faites des Arts & des Sciences, dont les plus excellentes vous sont acquises, fait que ceux qui taschent de les acquerir cherchent en vostre protection le comble de leur gloire. Ie n'eusse pourtant osé me mettre de ce rang, ny me promettre tant de grace de vostre bonté, si je n'eusse fait profession d'vn Art, que les plus grands hommes employent volontiers au soulagement de leurs plus grands labeurs, & qui fait vne bonne part des plus raisonnables delices de la vie. C'est ce qui m'a donné la resolution, MONSEIGNEVR, de vous presenter ces Airs, dont quelques fois le concert ne vous a pas esté desagreable, & qui mesme vous a obligé de gratifier de quelque bien-veillance,

MONSEIGNEVR,

*Vostre tres-humble & tres-obeissant seruiteur,*
DE BOESSET.



# A MONSIEVR DE BOESSET, SVR SES AIRS.

*CES Airs, dont le docte artifice*
*Entreprend de charmer vn grand chef de Iustice*
*N'ont pas besoin d'vn vers flateur;*
*Ils seruent aux Concerts d'vn glorieux Monarque:*
*Que diray-je de plus? leur excellente marque,*
*Est que* BOESSET *en est l'Autheur.*

BORDIER.





# A MONSIEVR
## DE BOESSET.

ADmirable BOESSET, crains-tu point d'enchanter
L'eſprit du grand SEGVIER quand il oira chanter
Tes Airs dont l'Vniuers admire les merueilles?
Non, il eſt tres-prudent entre tous les humains:
En tout cas n'a-il pas touſiours entre les mains
La Cire, dont il peut ſe boucher les oreilles?

L. DAQVINET de Liſladam.

---

## AV MESME.

SI j'auois entrepris par les Luths & les Voix
De charmer les eſprits d'vne douce harmonie,
Et me faire admirer par le plus grand des Roys,
Ie voudrois emprunter de BOESSET le Genie.

Par le meſme.





## A MONSIEVR DE BOESSET.

### EPIGRAMME.

*Lors que* BOESSET *chante à la Cour*
*Du Prince son plus cher amour,*
*Sa voix tant de beautez explique,*
*Qu'Appollon l'oyant en ce lieu*
*Ne pense plus estre le dieu*
*Qui preside sur la Musique.*

---

### AVTRE.

BOESSET, *la fleur des plus accorts,*
*Où prenez vous ces beaux accords*
*Qui nous charme si bien l'oreille?*
*Qu'il faut ou ne les pas ouyr,*
*Ou se laisser esuanouyr*
*D'ayse, d'enuie & de merueille.*

---

### AVTRE.

*Qvand* BOESSET *chante vos loüanges,*
*Grand Prince, son Concert est tel,*
*Qu'on doute s'il vante vn Mortel,*
*Ou bien le Monarque des Anges.*

D. P. D. S. R.

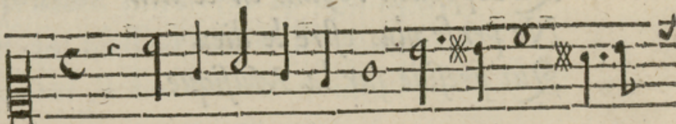


# BALLET DES TRIOMPHES.

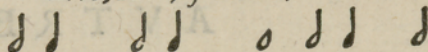
## RECIT DE RONSARD,

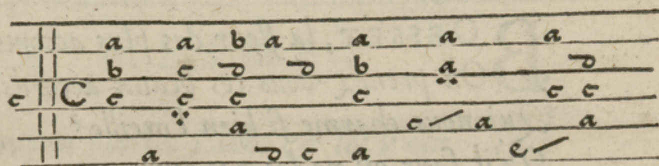
### accompagné de deux Poëtes.

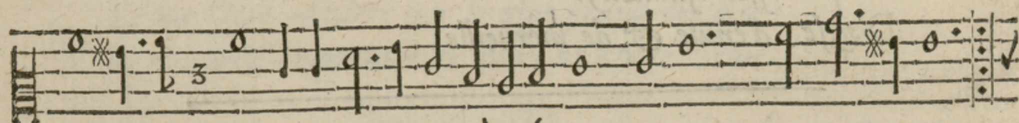




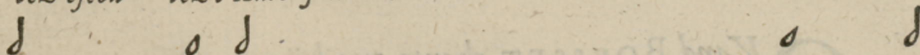
*Erre, Mer, escoutez, Terre, Mer, escou-*

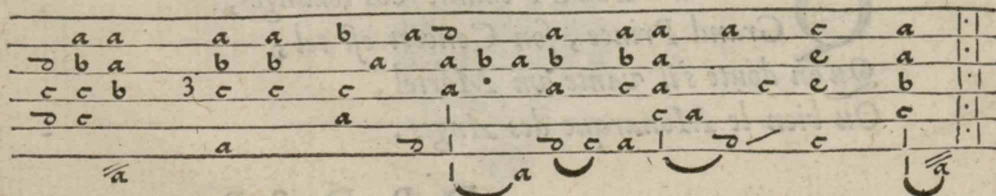


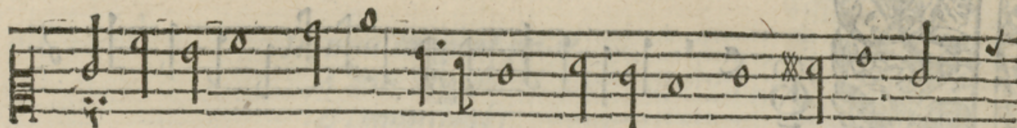




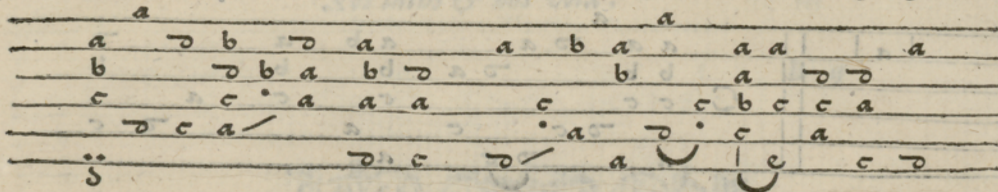
*tez escou- tez l'Ambaßade nouuel- le Du Prin- ce Souuerain:*

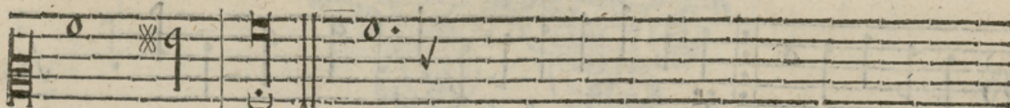




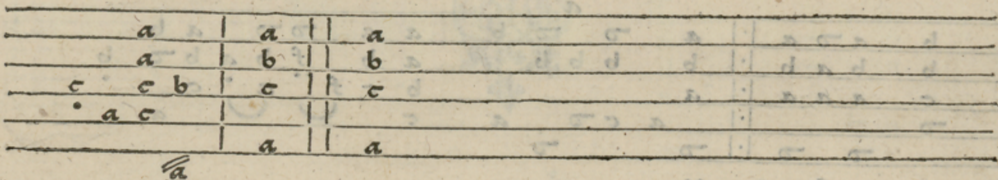


*Qui couure des horreurs d'vne nuit eternel- le Son regne*



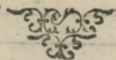


*souſ- ter- rain.*



*Vn Orphée enchanteur loin du bleſme riuage.*
*N'attire pas nos voix:*
*Commandez par Pluton, nous venons rendre hommage*
*A l'Hercule Francois.*



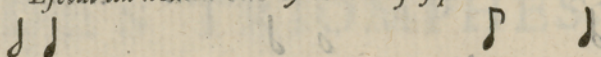


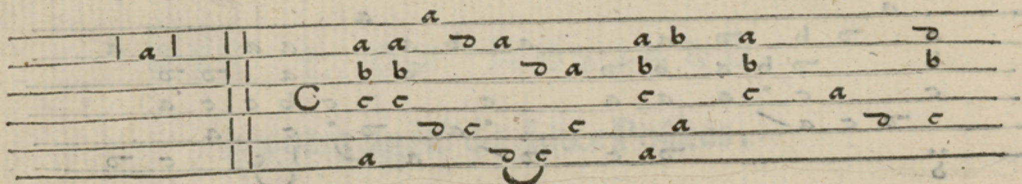
## *Recit des Musiciens de l'antiquité.*

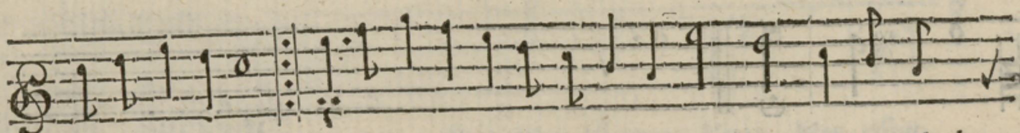




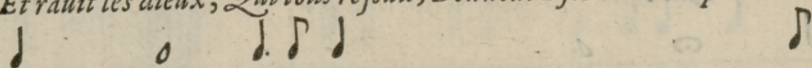
*'Esclat du nom de Louys monte jusques aux Cieux,*

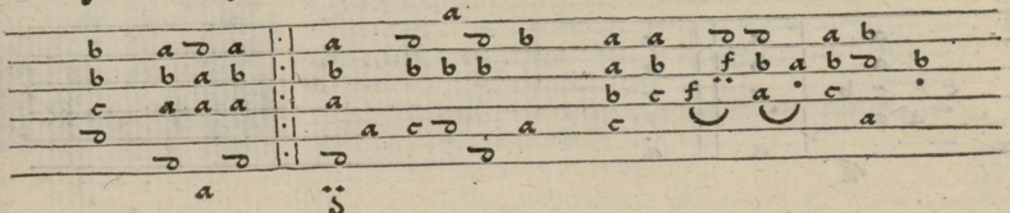


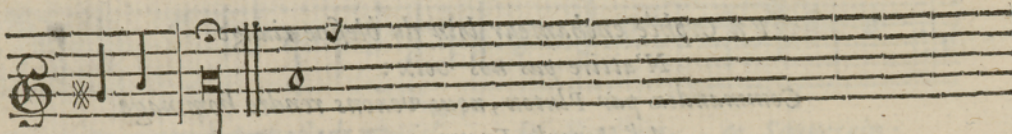




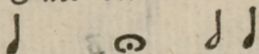
*Et rauit les dieux, Qui tous réjouis, Donnent à ses beaux exploits Nos luths*

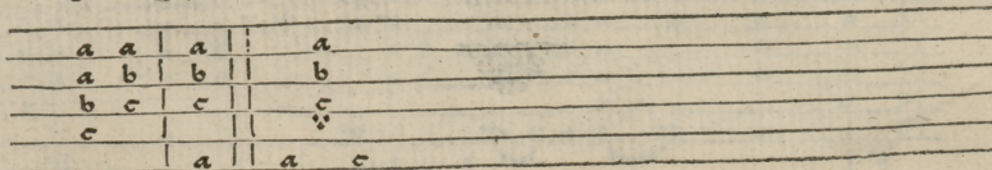






*& nos voix.*



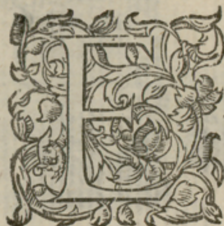


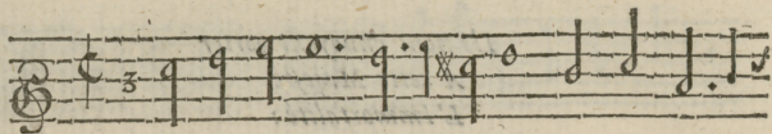
*Ils nous enuoyent porter*
*A cette Majesté*
*L'Immortalité:*
*Et luy consacrer,*
*Pour chanter ses beaux exploits,*
*Nos luths & nos voix.*

B ij

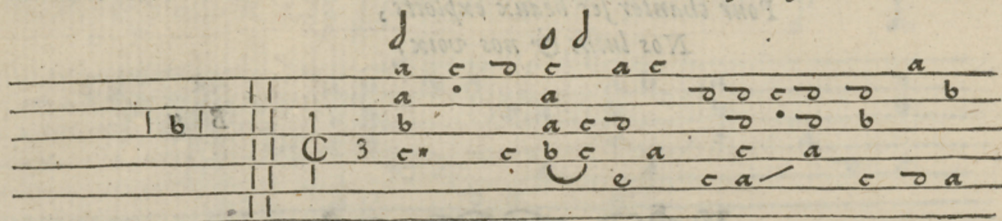


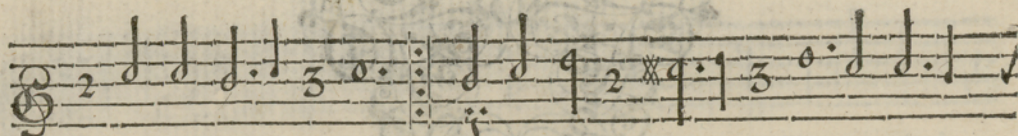
## *Recit de la Seine.*





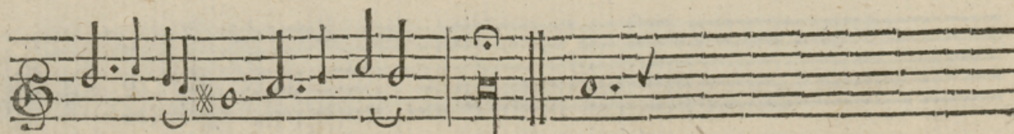
*Ntends la voix d'vne Deeſ- ſe, Grand Princ'à*





*qui je fais la cour: Pour toy le dieu d'A-mour le dieu d'A-*





*mour M'accompagne ſans ceſ- ſe.*



*Que ta valeur a de merite,*
*Neptune en eſt remply d'effroy :*
*Son mal eſt que pour toy*
*La terre eſt trop petite.*





# BALLET DE LA FELICITE'.

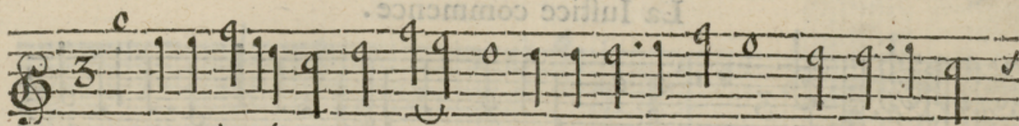
## *Recit de l'Ambition.*



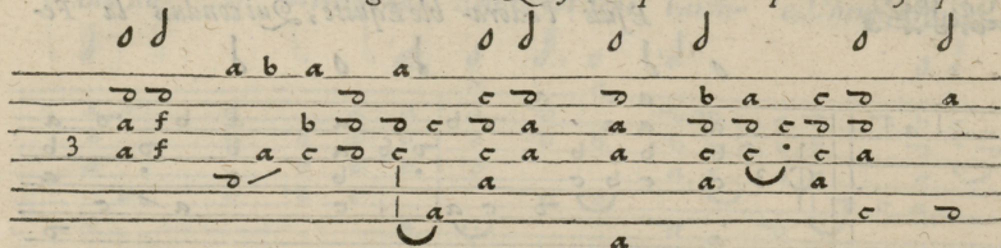
*Rand Roy qui force la vi- ctoi-*

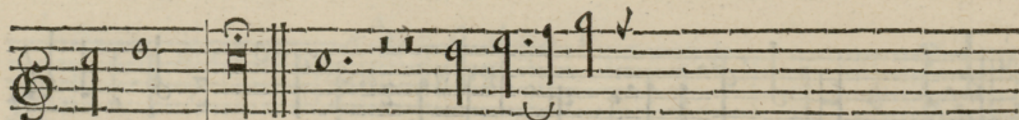
*re A ſuiure partout ta valeur, Dont la vertu produit la*

*gloi- re, Et fait eſcarter le malheur: Ie ſuis l'Am- biti-*

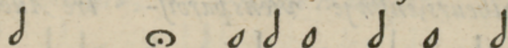


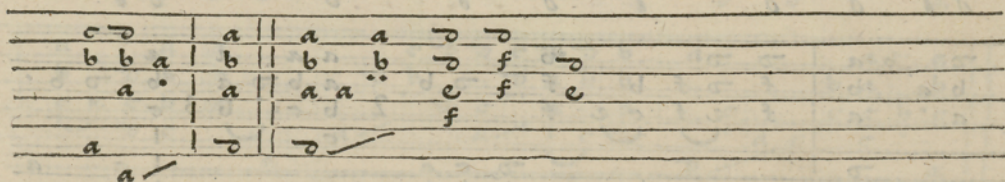
*on à ton a- me incognu- ë, Qui souuët pour vn corps n'embrasse qu'v-*





*ne nu- ë. ë. Ie suis l'Am-*

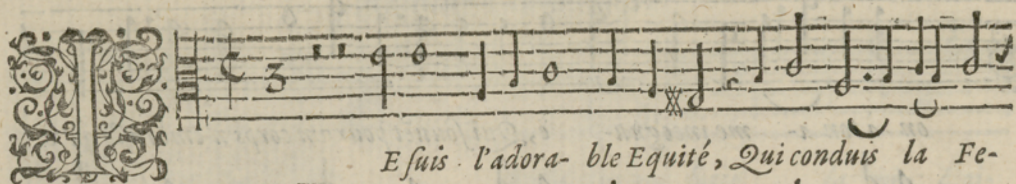


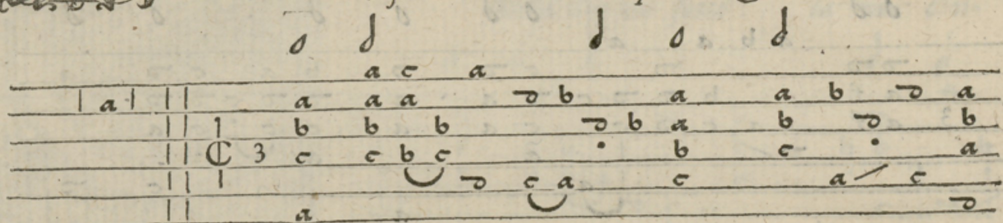


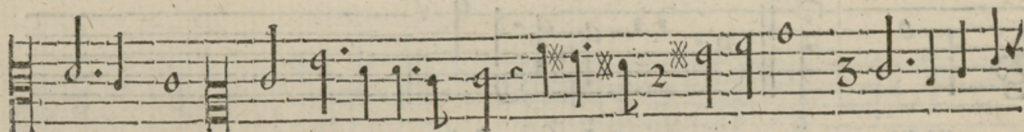
*Sans cesse le cœur que j'inspire*
*Trouble le repos des humains,*
*Souuent, pour l'espoir d'vn Empire,*
*Il perd ce qu'il tient dans ses mains:*
*C'est vne passion à toute ame incognuë,*
*Qui souuent pour vn corps n'embrasse qu'vne nuë.*
*Mais toy, dont la force sublime*
*Te fait moderer tes desirs:*
*Tu rends ton esprit magnanime*
*Exempt des cruels desplaisirs,*
*De cette passion à ton ame incognuë,*
*Qui souuent pour vn corps n'embrasse qu'vne nuë.*

## *Recit de la Felicité, la Iustice, & les Amours.*

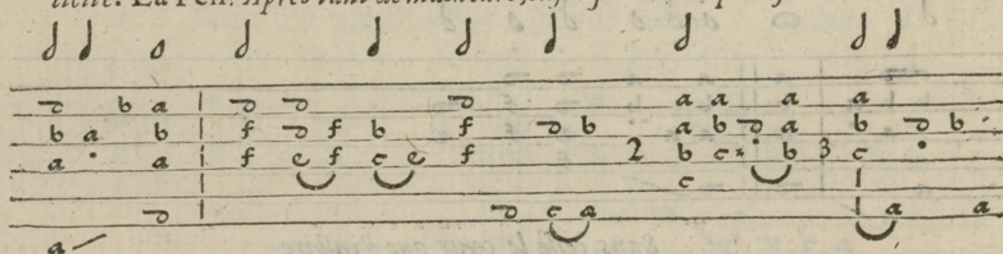
### La Iustice commence.

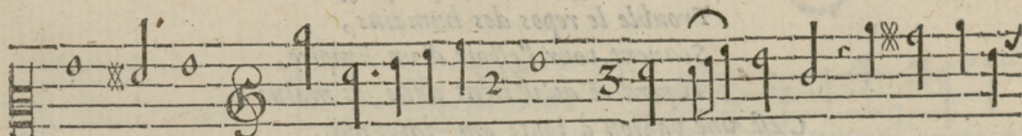


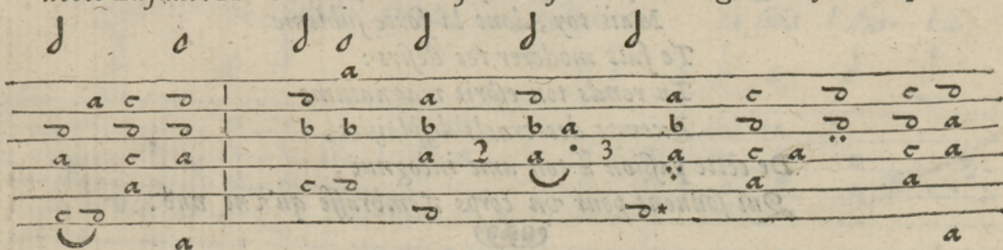


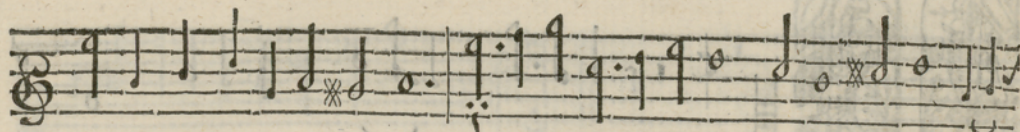
*licité.* La Feli. *Apres tant de malheurs, enfin je viens parois- tre Auec ce*



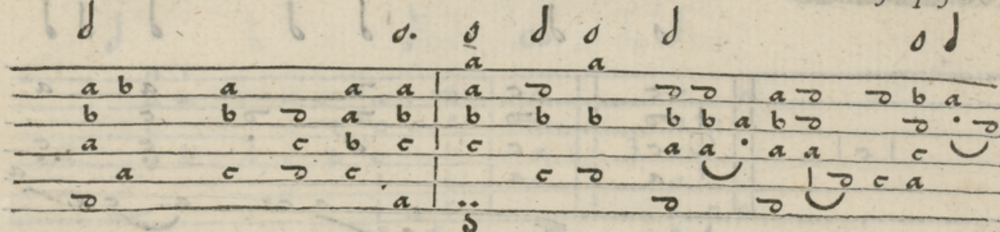


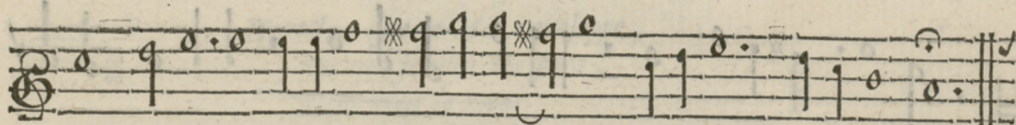
*noble Enfant.* Am. *Et nous l'auõs fait nais- tre D'vn grãd Roy triomphãt d'ũ*



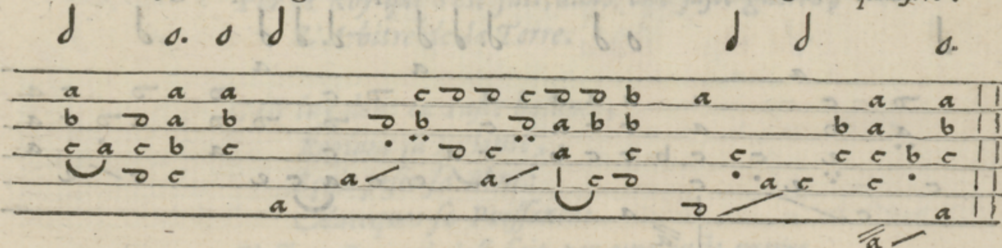


*grand Roy .ij. triomphant. Soit la tristeße banni- e, L'heur surpaße*





*les desirs, O l'agreable Harmoni- e Des vertus & des plaisirs.*



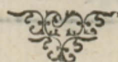
La Iustice. *Reyne, que le Ciel justement*
*T'a donné ce contentement.*

La Felicité. *Il a consideré la bonté de ton ame,*
*Rendant tes vœux contens.*

Les Amours. *Et la pudique flame*
*De deux cœurs si constans.*

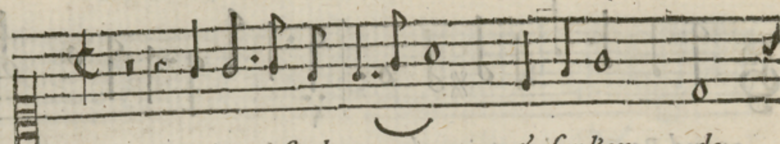
Tous ensemble. *Soit la tristeße.*

SEIZIESME LIVRE.

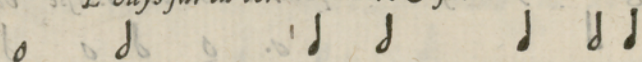


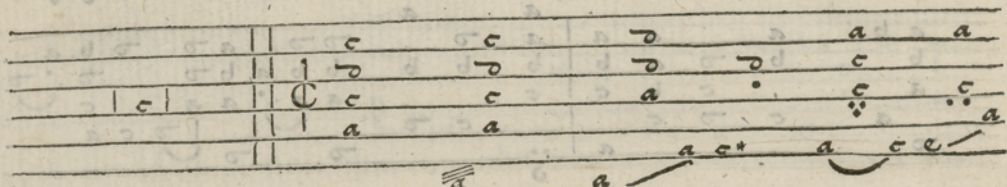
## *Recit de la Renommée.*

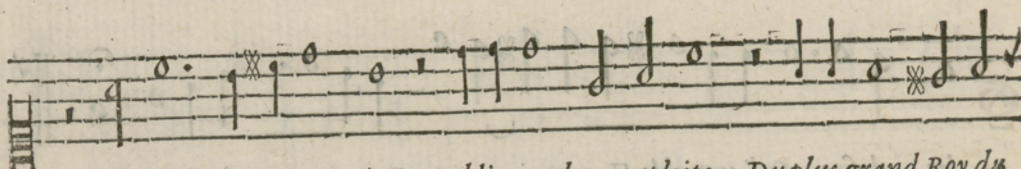




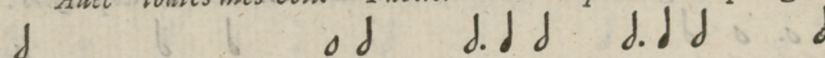
*E vays sur la ter- re & sur l'on- de*

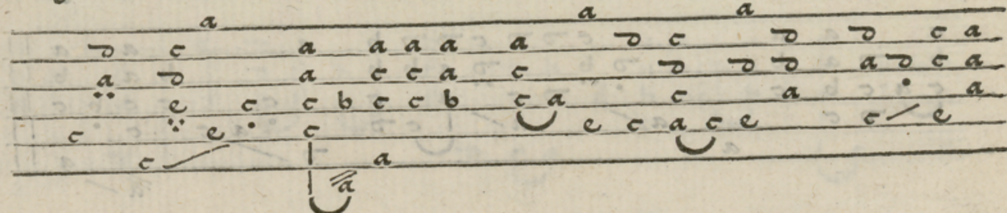


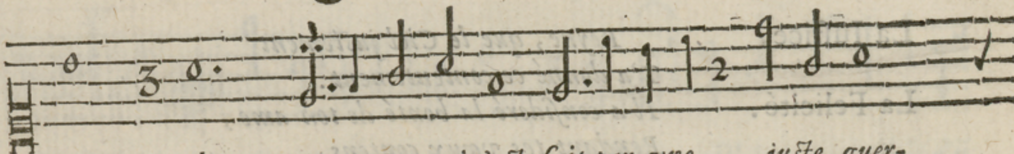




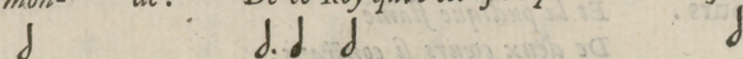
*Auec toutes mes voix Publier les exploits Du plus grand Roy du*

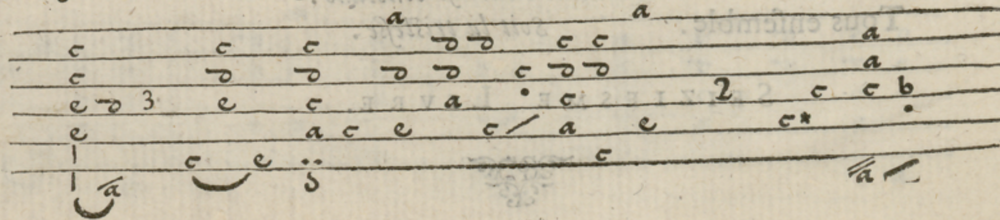






*mon- de: De ce Roy qui s'est fait par vne juste guer-*







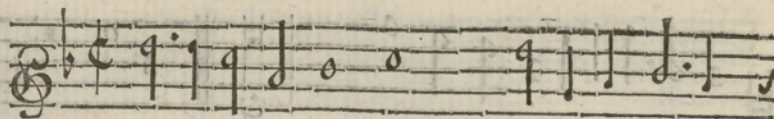



*Mortelz, que la Mer enueloppe,*
*Ou qui fendez les flots,*
*Desormais le repos*
*Va regner dans l'Europe,*
*Par ce Roy qui s'est fait, dans vne juste guerre,*
*L'Arbitre de la Terre.*

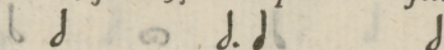
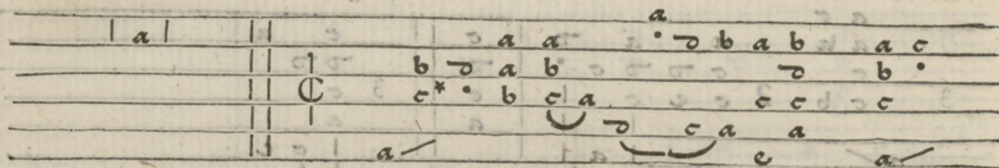
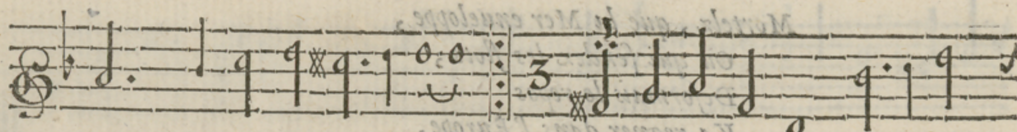
*C'est luy dont la Iuste balance,*
*Reglant sa Volonté,*
*Sçait peser sa Bonté*
*Auecques sa Puissance:*
*C'est ce Roy qui s'est fait, par vne juste guerre,*
*L'Arbitre de la Terre.*



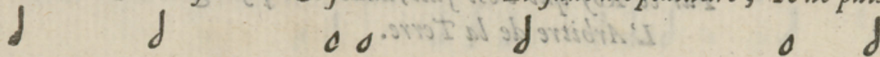
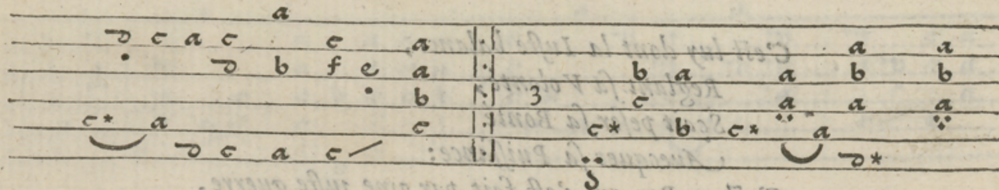
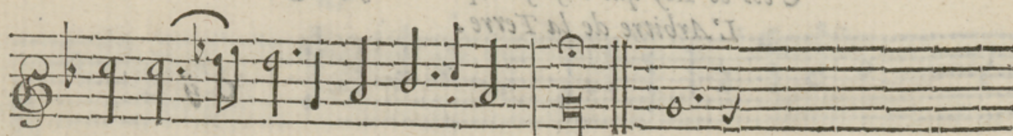


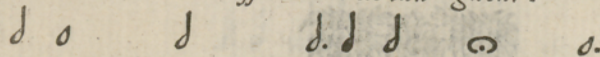
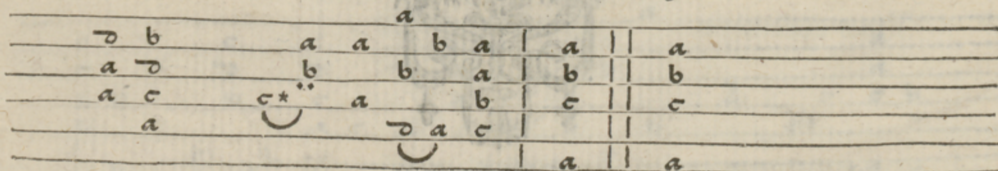
*On, je ne sçaurois-plus feindre, Ie meurs d'a-*

*mour, Et brusle nuit & jour: Et sans me plaindre, Ie ne puis*

*dans mon cœur Souffrir tant de lan- gueur.*

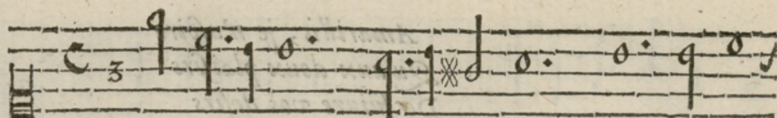



*Amarillis, je n'aspire*
*Qu'aux doux plaisirs*
*De suiure vos desirs*
*Sous vostre empire:*
*Ie viuray sans espoir*
*Trop heureux de vous voir.*

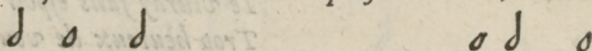


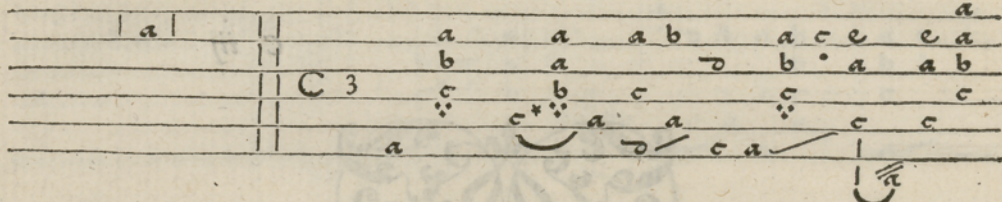


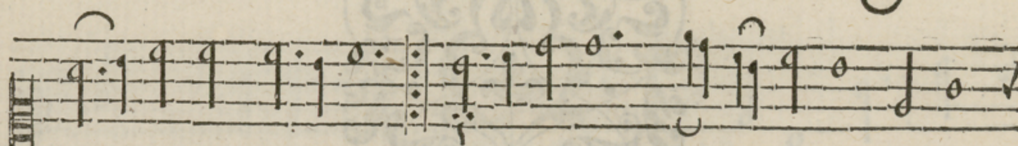




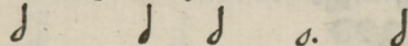
*Bjét diuin de ma penſé- e, Amin-*

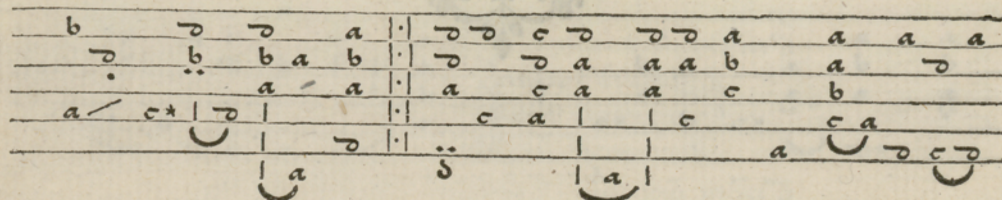


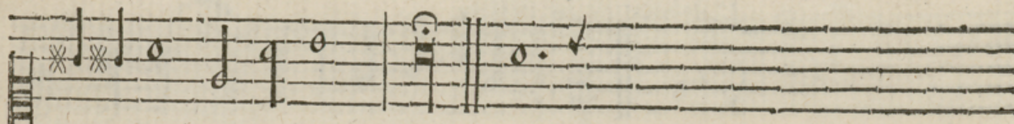




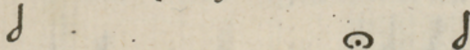
*the qui me fais mourir. Las! ne veux-tu ja- mais guerir Le mal*

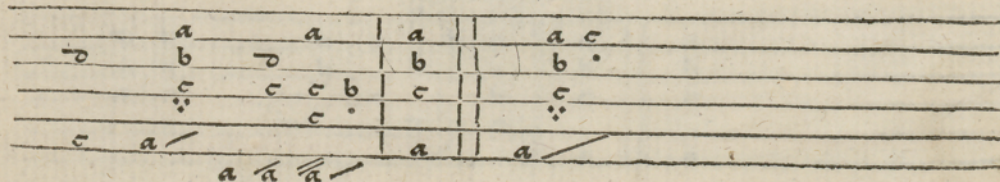






*dont mon ame eſt bleſſé- e.*



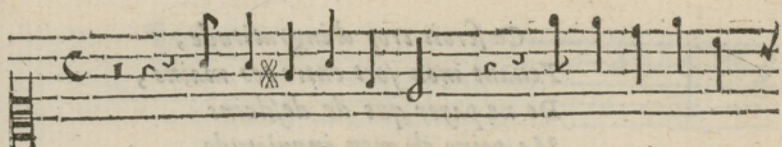


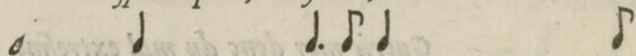
*Ce ſeroit trop d'ingratitude,*
*Tenant mon ſort entre tes mains,*
*De ne payer que de deſdains*
*Ma peine & mon inquietude.*

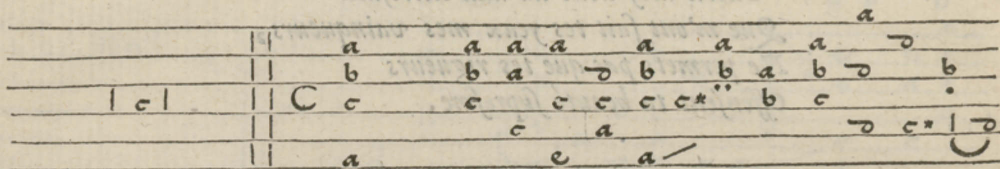
*Gueris-moy donc du mal extreſme*
*Que m'ont fait tes yeux mes vainqueurs,*
*Ne permets pas que tes rigueurs*
*Offenſent ta beauté ſupreſme.*

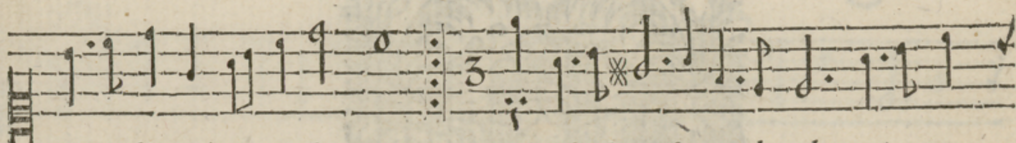


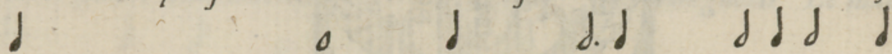


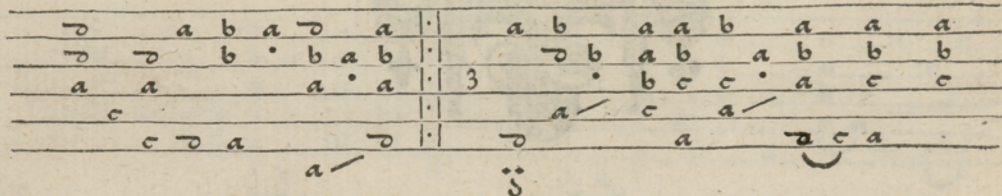


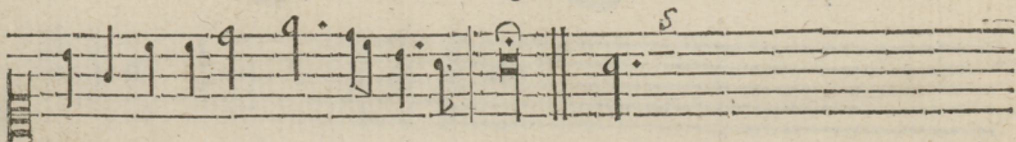

Eſperez plus, mes yeux, De reuoir en ces

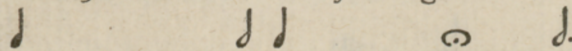


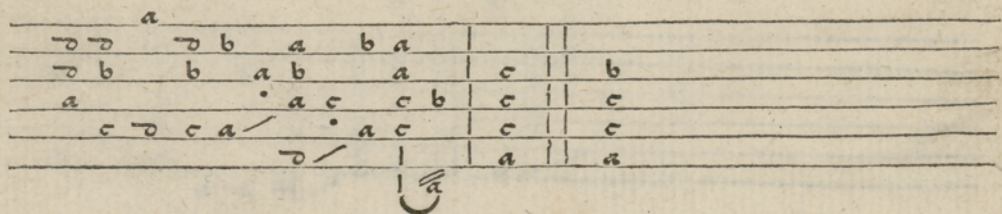



lieux la beauté que j'ado- re: Le Ciel jaloux de mon bon-heur A rauy






ma naiſſante Aurore Par ſa ri- gueur.



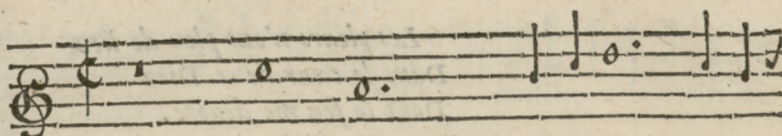
*Les pleurs n'ont plus de lieu*
*Dans le cœur de ce Dieu*
*Dont le feu me deuore.*
*Le Ciel.*

*C'est en vain soupirer,*
*C'est en vain esperer*
*Le secours que j'implore.*
*Le Ciel.*

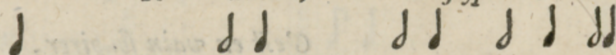


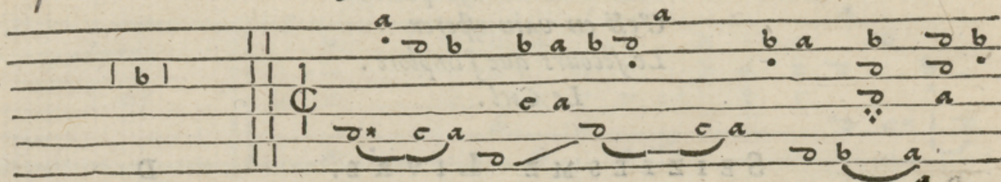


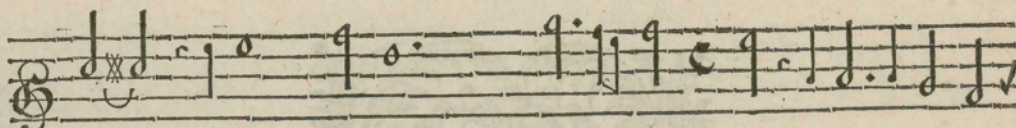




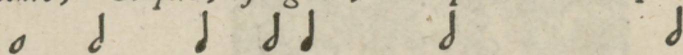
*N- nuits, desespoirs, & dou-*

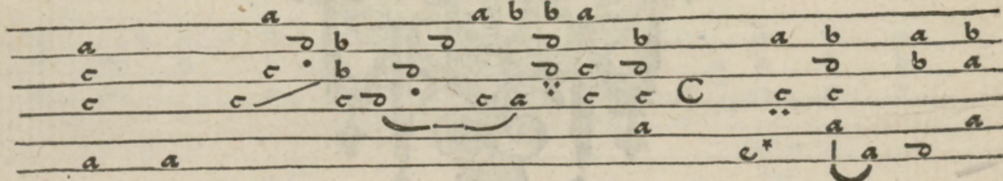


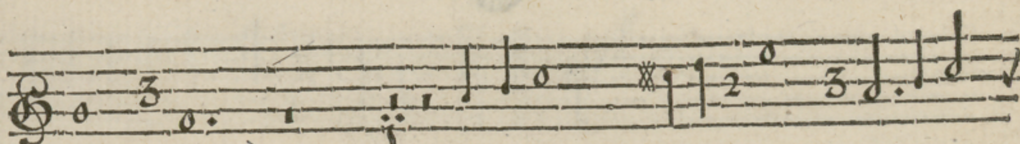




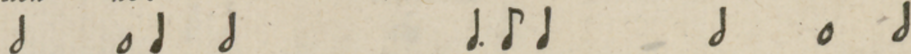
*leurs, Soupirs, sanglots, plaintes, & pleurs, A vous je m'aban-*

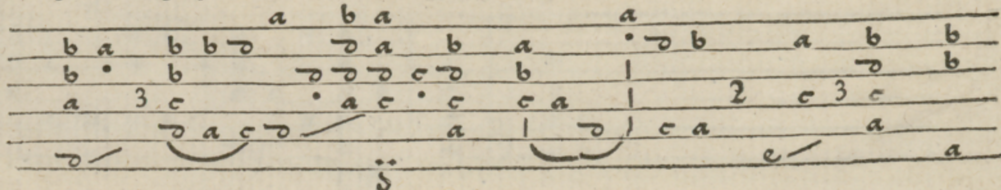


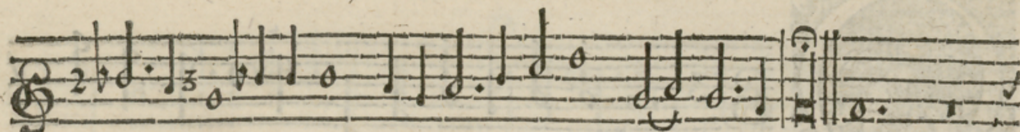




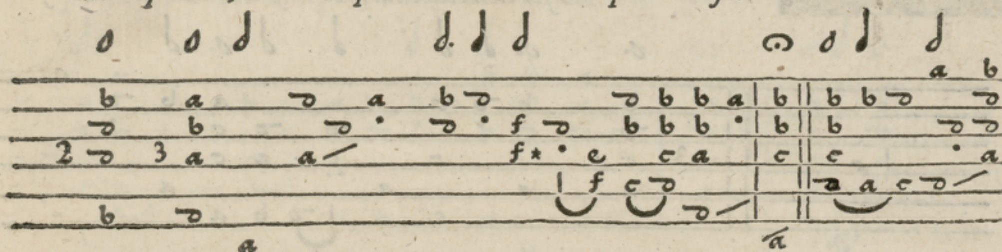
*don- ne. L'adora- ble Ama- ran- the s'en va*







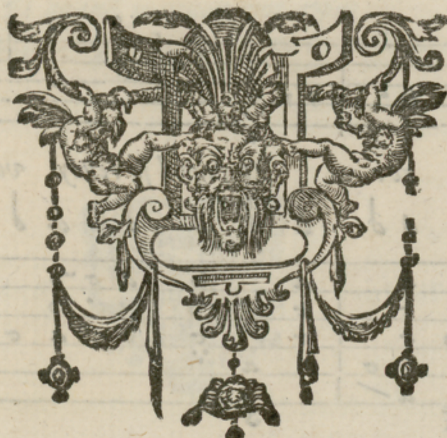
*nous quitter, Et le Ciel qui l'ordonne ne veut pas m'escou-ter.*

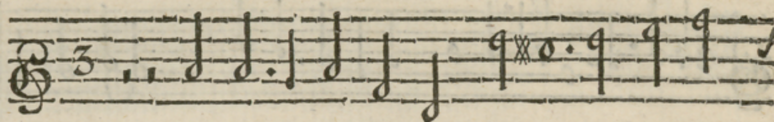


*Helas! que je sens de tourment*
*Pensant à cét esloignement*
*Dont la longueur m'estonne.*
L'*adorable.*

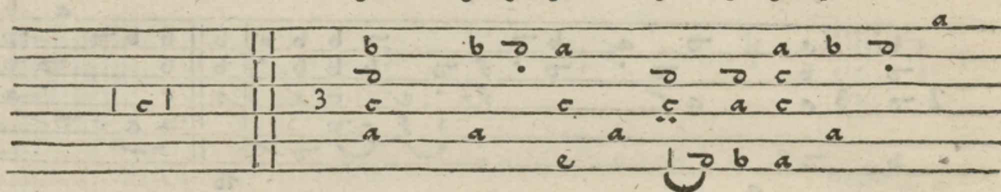
*Au moins esperons son retour*
*Auant que la terre en amour*
*De bouquets se couronne.*
*L'adorable.*

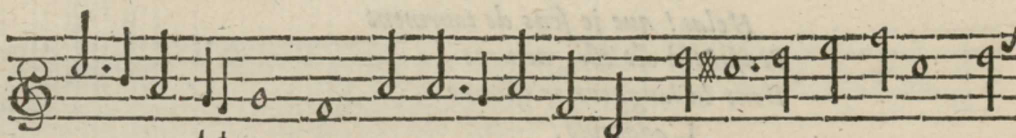




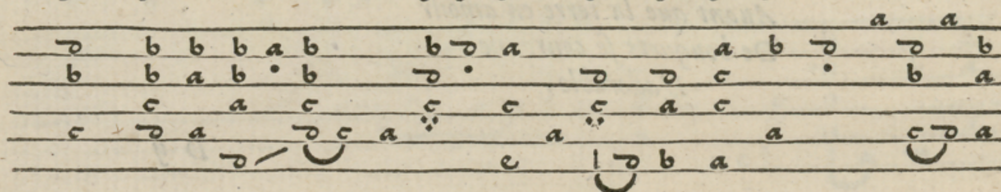



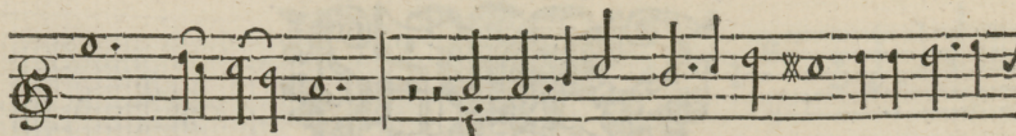
*Bjét dont les charmes ſi doux M'ōt enchaiſ-*



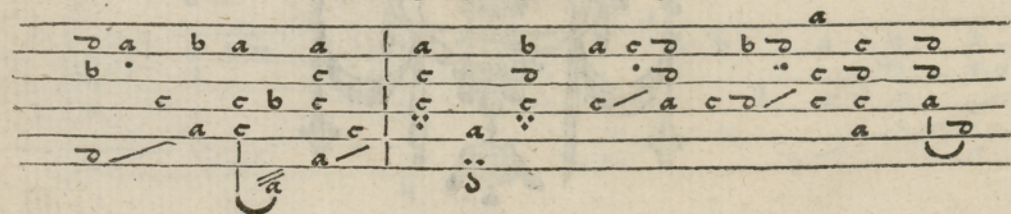


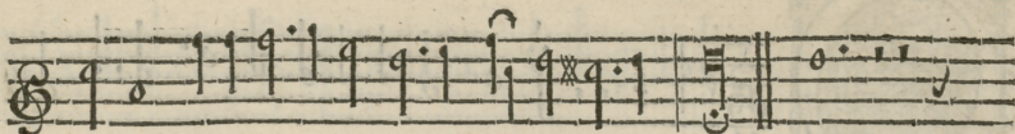
*né ſous voſtre empire, Lors que je ſuis abſent de vous Mes pleurs teſmoignēt*



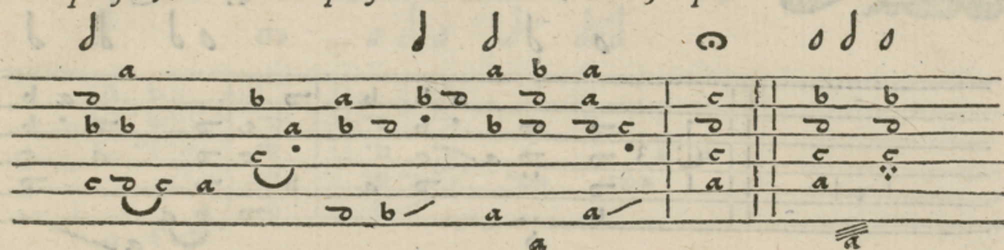


*mon mar-ty- re: Et quand je reuoy vos appas, Vn excez de*





*plaiſir, Vn excez de plaiſir me don- ne le treſ- pas.*



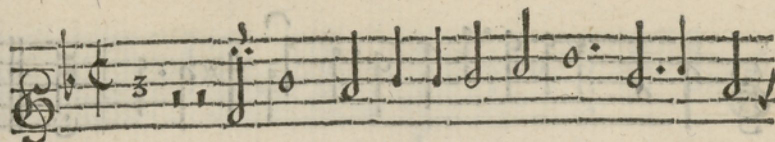
*Qui veut garder ſa liberté,*
*Doit s'eſloigner de voſtre veuë:*
*Il n'eſt ny grace ny beauté*
*Dont le Ciel ne vous ait pourueuë:*
*Et la conqueſte d'vn amant*
*Ne couſte à vos beaux yeux qu'vn regard ſeulement.*

*Doncques pour éuiter la mort,*
*Quelle fortune dois-je ſuiure?*
*Sans vous je m'afflige ſi fort*
*Qu'il m'eſt impoſſible de viure:*
*Et quand je reuois vos appas.*
*Vn excez de plaiſir me donne le treſpas.*



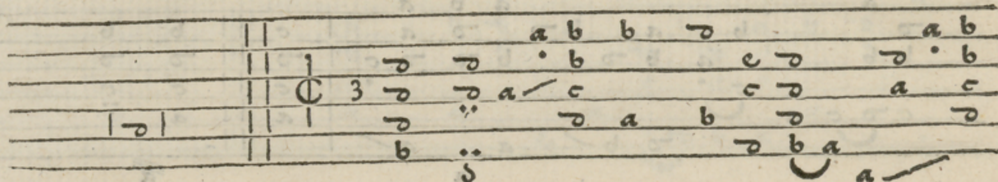


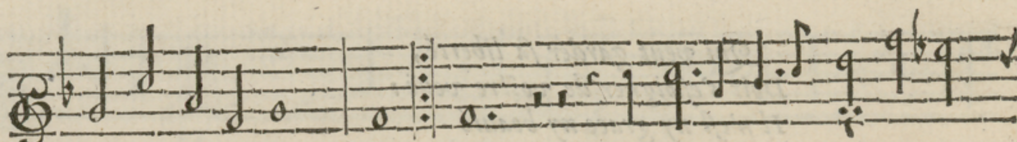




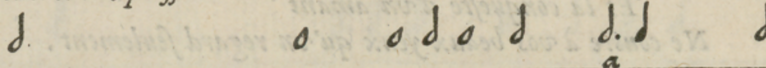
*V'Aminthe à de charmãts appas! Que ses beaux*

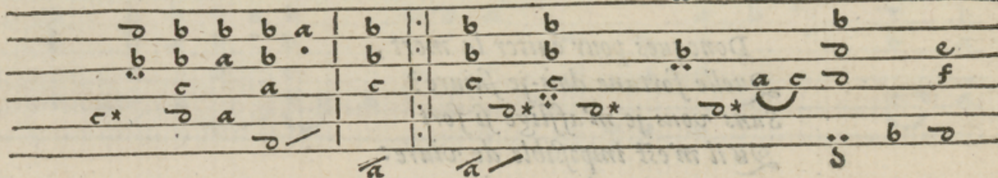


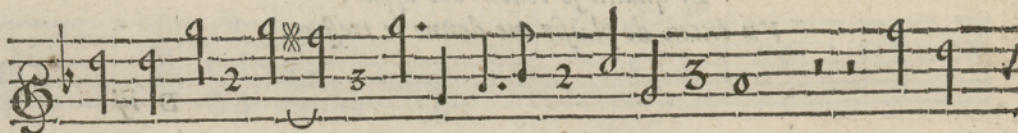




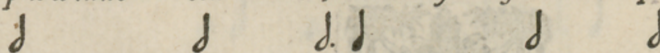
*yenx ont de puissan- ce! ce! Amants, qui les croyez tout rem-*

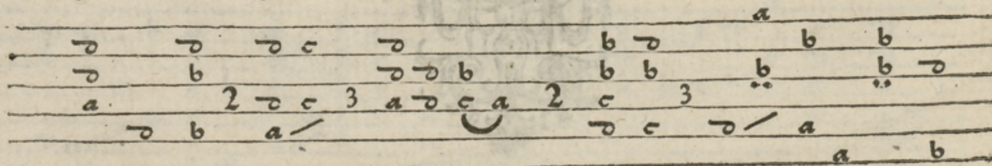


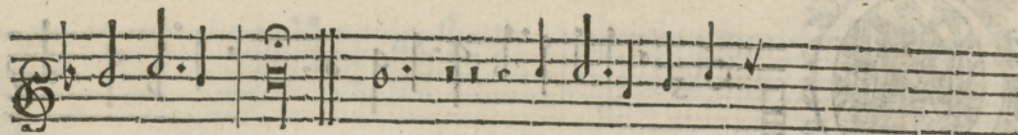


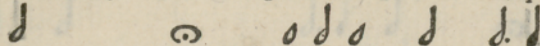


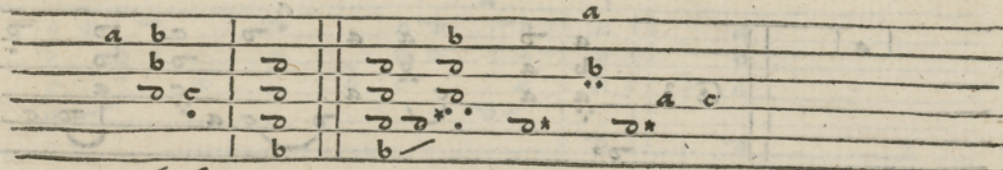
*plis d'inno- cen- ce, Ne vous y fiez pas, Ils don-*









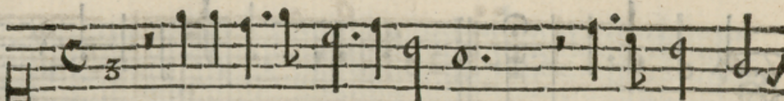



*Amour qui la ſuit pas à pas,*
*Donne à nos cœurs peu d'eſperance:*
*Fuyons tous ces attraits ſi doux en apparence:*
*Ne nous y fions pas,*
*Ils donnent le treſpas.*

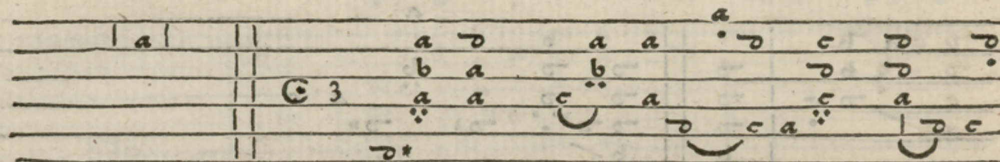
*Ie cede, & mets les armes bas,*
*Ie n'ay ny force ny conſtance:*
*Retien ton bras, Amour, modere ta puiſſance,*
*Ie ne m'en deffends pas*
*De ces yeux pleins d'appas.*

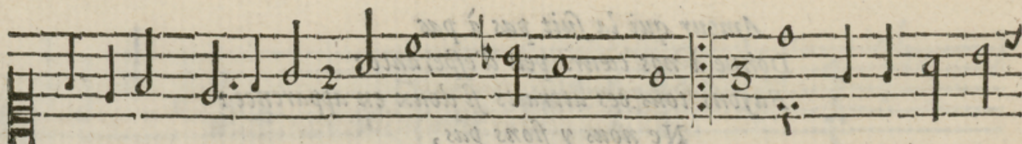




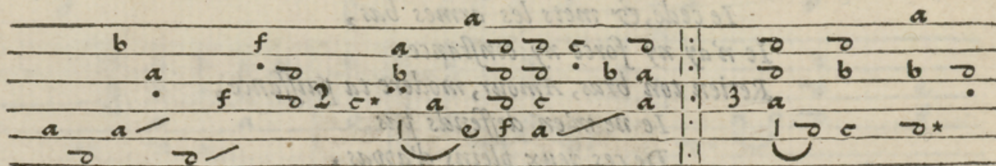


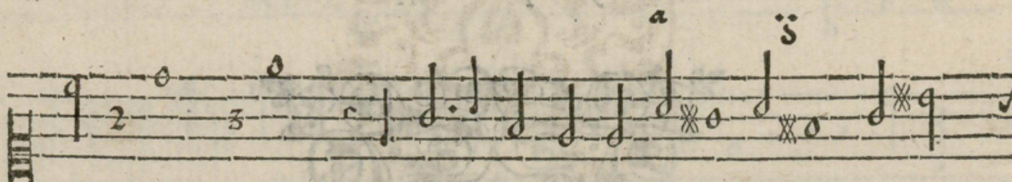
*Ve cette naißante beauté Qui capti- ue*



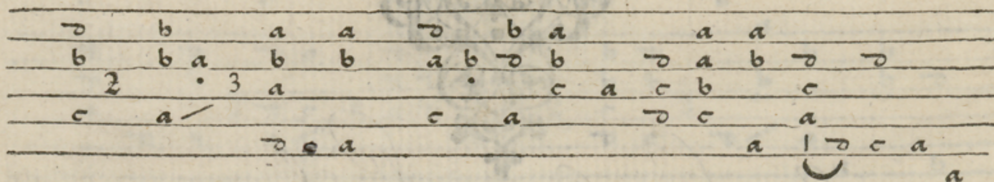


*ma liber- té A d'attraits, & de char- mes : Dieux! qu'ils ſont maiſtres*





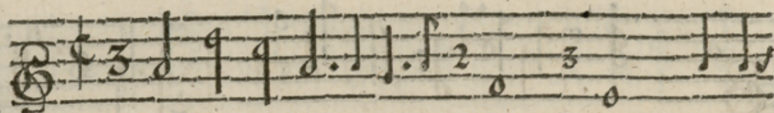
*de mes ſens : Pour moy je les tiens ſi puißants, Qu'il faut que ma*



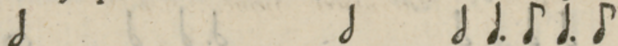
*rai- son rende à l'A- mour les ar- mes.*

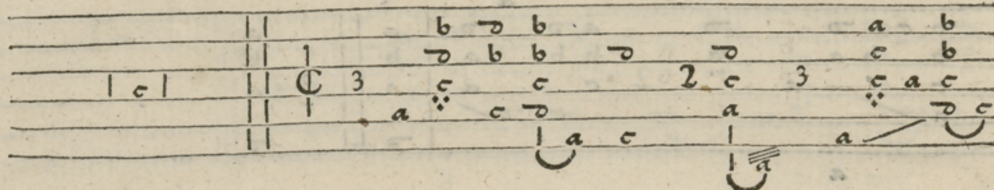
*Quelle Aurore sur l'Orison*
*Dans la plus aymable saison*
*Fut jamais si charmante?*
*Ha! que j'auray de desplaisirs*
*Lors qu'en despit de mes desirs*
*Mes yeux ne verront plus cette belle Amaranthe.*

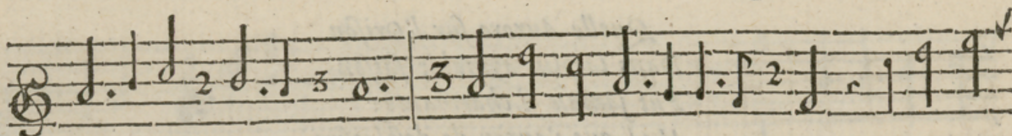




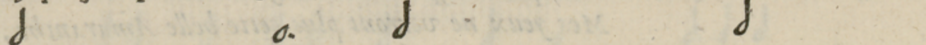
*Lympe viens à ma de- fen- ce, C'eſt pour*

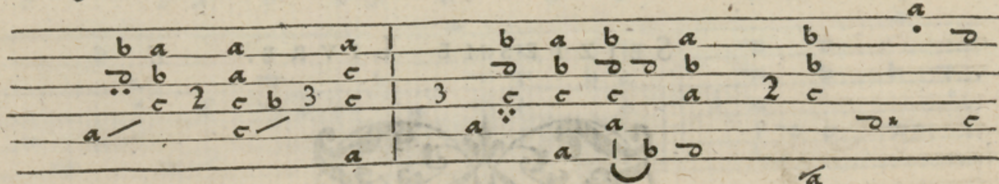


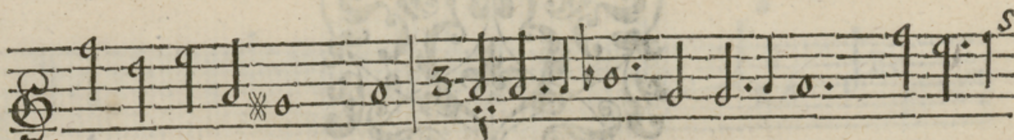




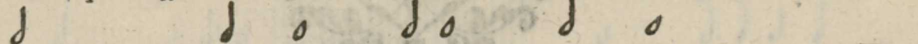
*toy que je perds le jour, Ie n'en accuſe que l'A- mour Pour ne rien*

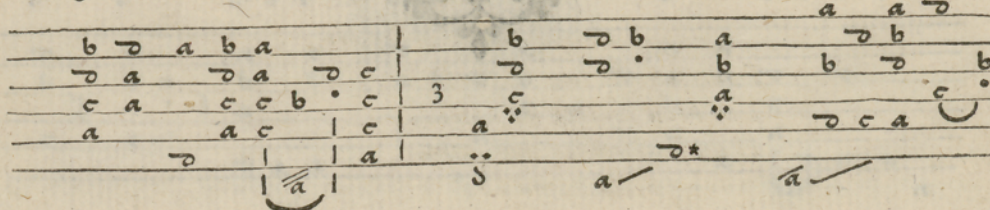


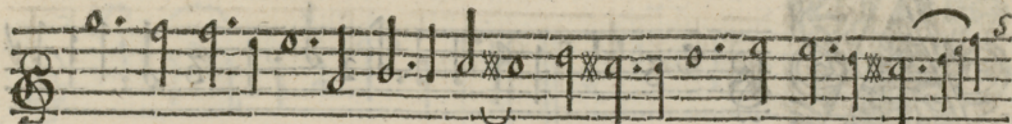


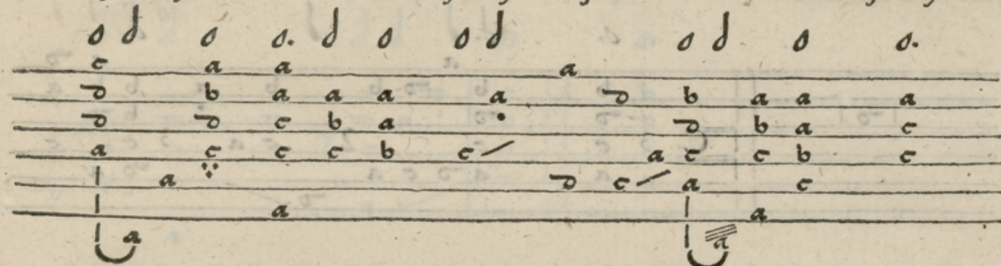


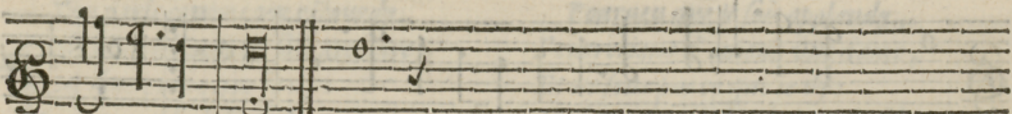
*dire qui t'offen- ce. Si tu ne me veux ſecourir, Aumoins diſ-*

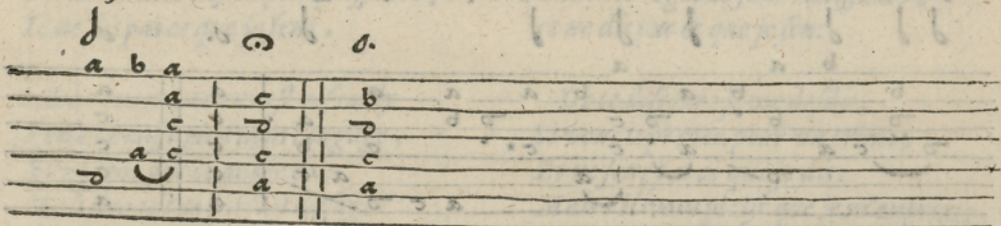






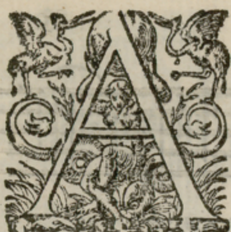



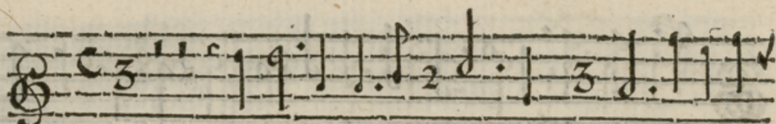


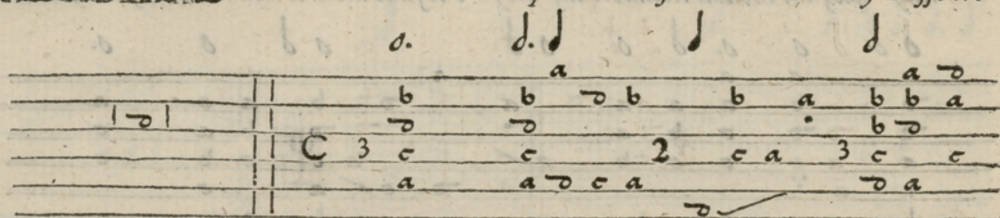
*Cruel tyran des belles ames,*
*Qui nous fais ſouffrir tes rigueurs,*
*Prens-tu plaiſir à nos douleurs ?*
*Et ne vis-tu que de nos flâmes ?*
*Si tu ne me.*

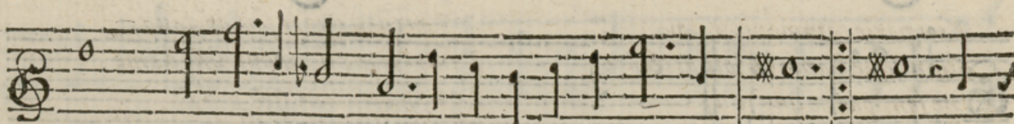
*Ce Dieu vainqueur a pris les armes,*
*Dont il bleſſe tous les mortelz:*
*I'ay beau réuerer ſes autelz,*
*Il meſpriſe toutes mes larmes.*
*Si tu ne me.*



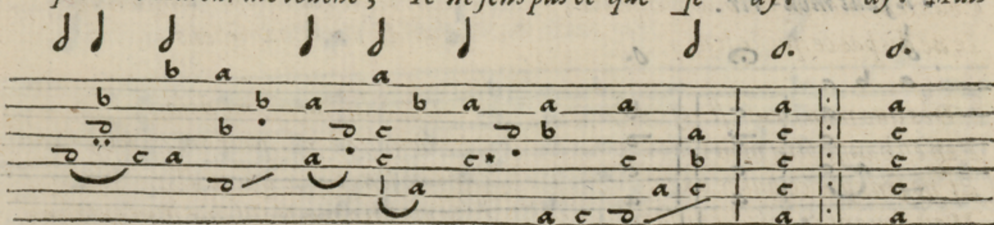


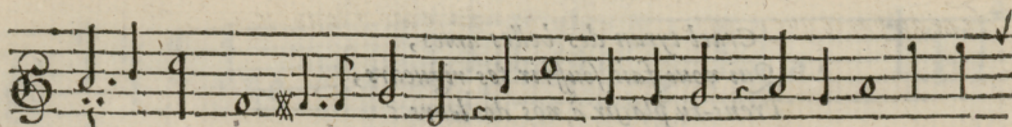
*Lors que d'vn diſ- cours har- dy l'aſſeure*



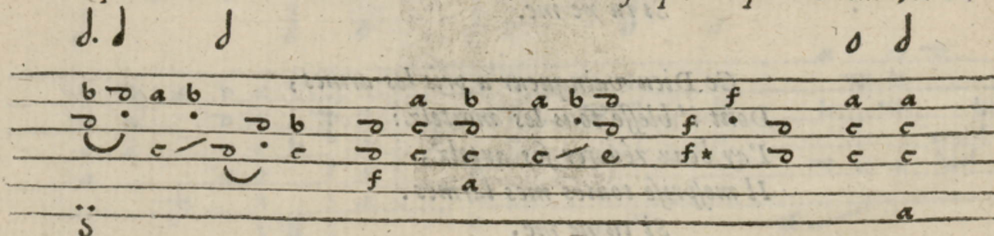


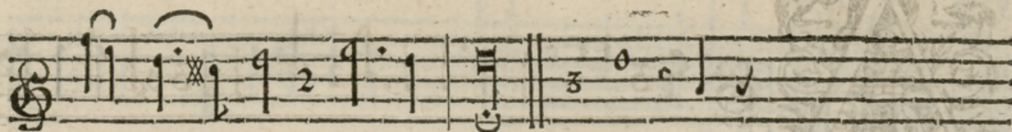
*que l'Amour me touche, Ie ne ſens pas ce que je dy: dy: Mais*

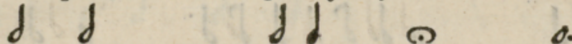


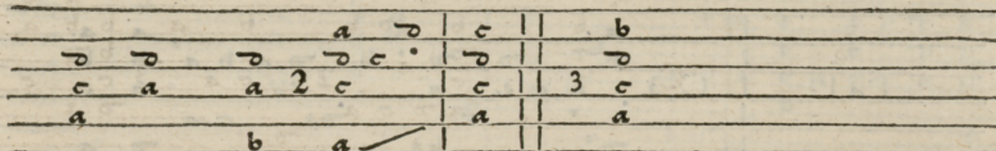


*lors qu'il tire de ma bouche Autant de ſoupirs que d'accents, Ie ne*







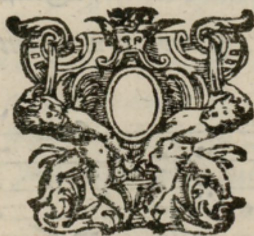



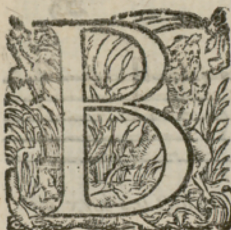
*I'en parle comme vn eſtourdy*
*Auant que l'ame en ſoit atteinte,*
*Et ne ſens pas ce que je dy:*
*Mais quand le deſir & la crainte*
*Couurent mes deſirs plus puiſſants,*
*Ie ne dis pas ce que je ſens.*

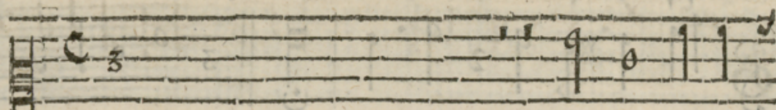
*Dés que mon cœur eſt refroidy*
*I'en eſchauffe plus mon langage,*
*Et ne ſens pas ce que je dy:*
*Mais deuant ce parfait viſage*
*Qui retient mes yeux languiſſants,*
*Ie ne dis pas ce que je ſens.*

*Pourueu que je ſois applaudy,*
*I'entretiens d'amour vne dame,*
*Et ne ſens pas ce que je dy:*
*Mais pour vn bel œil plein de flâme,*
*Dont les regards ſont rauiſſants,*
*Ie ne dis pas ce que je ſens.*

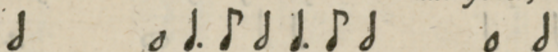
*De ce diſcours je me deſdis,*
*Si vous le prenez pour vn crime,*
*Et ne ſens pas ce que je dis:*
*Mais s'il vous plaiſt que je m'exprime,*
*Dites ſeulement, I'y conſens,*
*Et je diray ce que je ſens.*

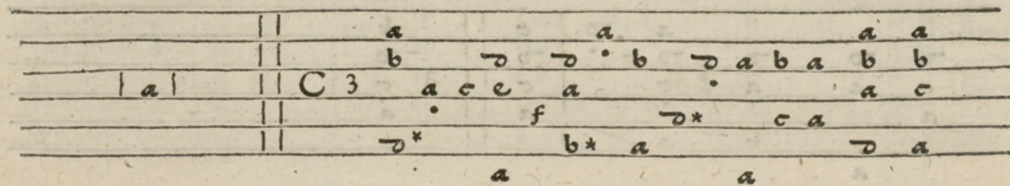


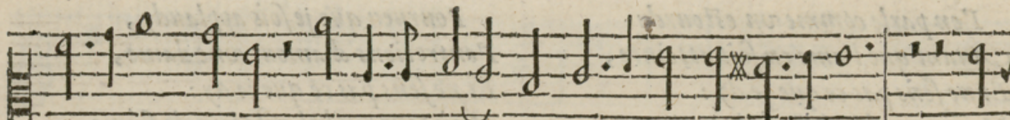




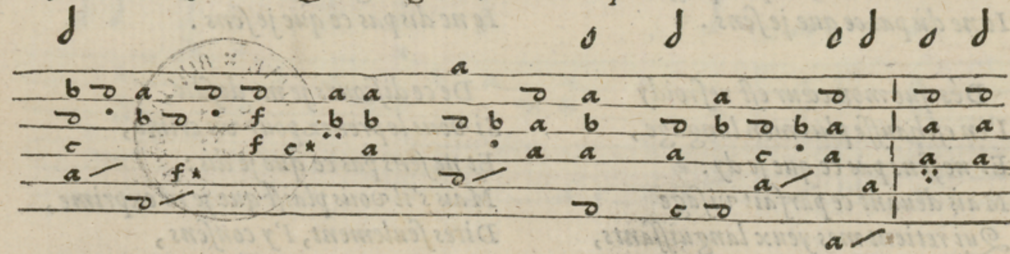
*Eaux yeux, viue*

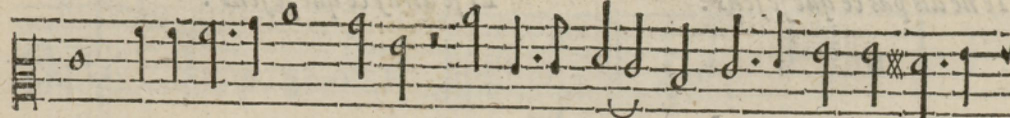




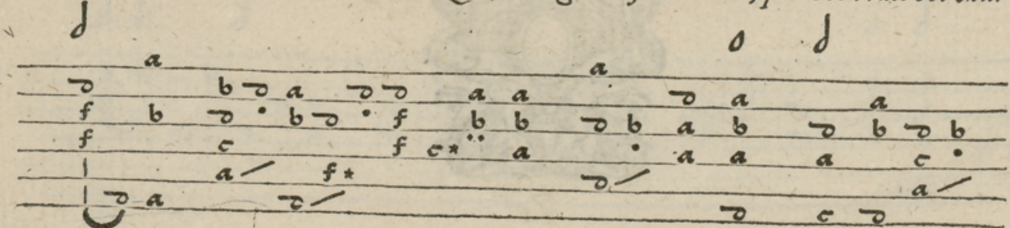


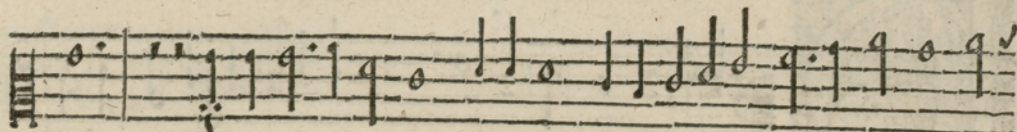
*ſource de flame, Que vos regards ſont doux, que vos traits sōt charmāts! Beaux*



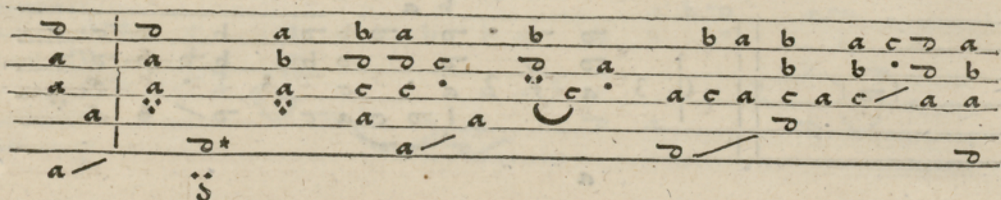


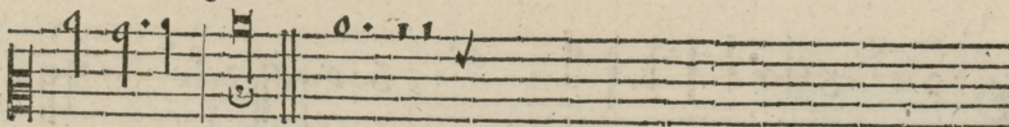
*yeux, viue ſource de flame, Que vos regards ſont doux, que vos trais sōt char-*



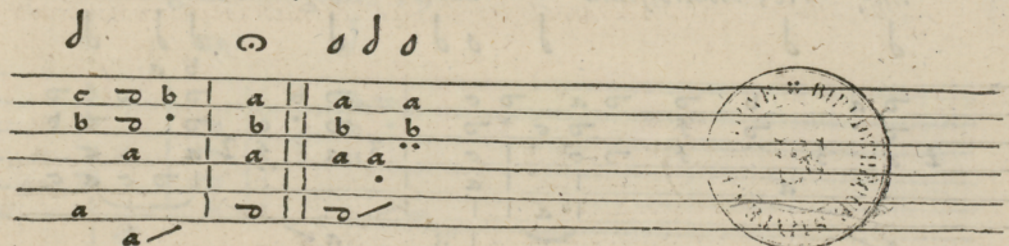


*mants! Et que j'ay de plaisir a redui- re mon a- me Sous les loix de*



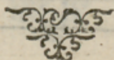


*vos mouue- ments.*

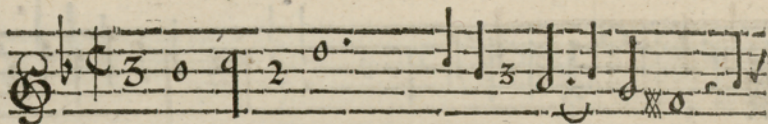


*Außi ſont-ils mes dieux viſibles,*
*Qui peuuent d'vn ſeul trait ſoulager mon tourment:*
*Mais je tiens qu'à mes maux ils ſeront inſenſibles,*
*Et qu'il faut ſouffrir en aymant.*

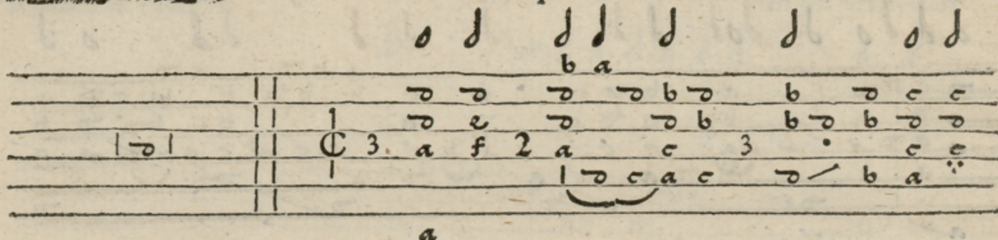
*Ie veux viure ſous voſtre empire,*
*Et veux mourir heureux de ſuiure vos appas,*
*Puis que mon ſeul plaiſir eſt le bien où j'aſpire*
*D'endurer pour vous le treſpas.*

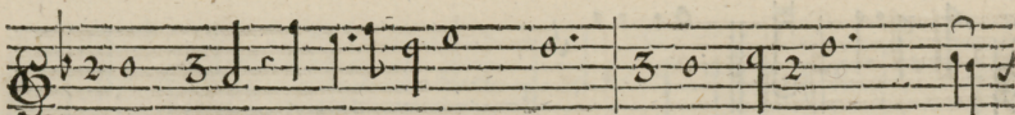






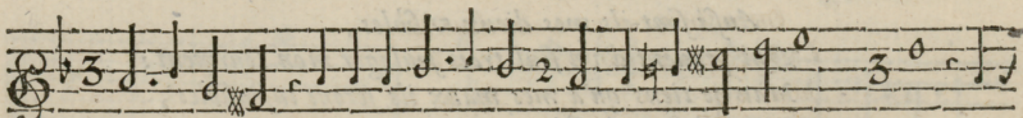
*Oux com- pli- ces de mes ennuits, Si-*



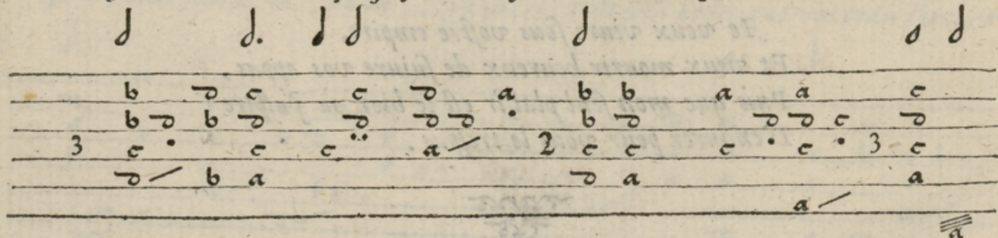


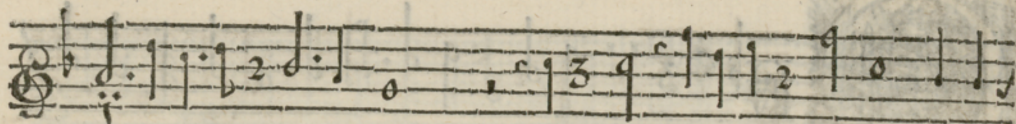
*len- ce, rochers, ſolitu- de: Ombres noi- res*



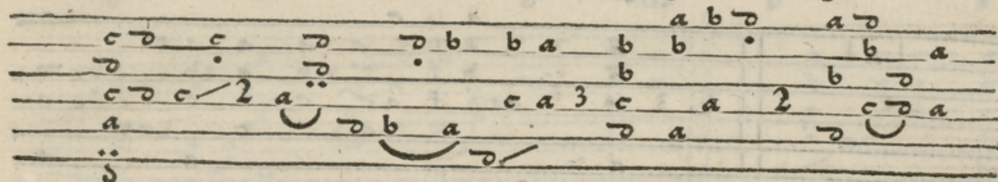


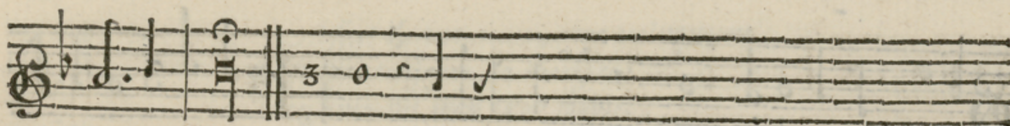
*filles des nuits, A qui j'ay tant de fois dit mon inquietu- de: Teſ-*



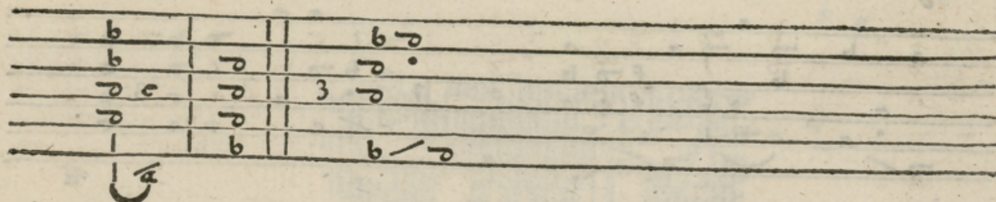


*moins aueugles & diſcrets, Soy- ez les confi- dens de mes der-*



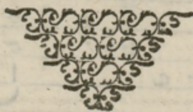


*niers re- grets. grets. Teſ-*

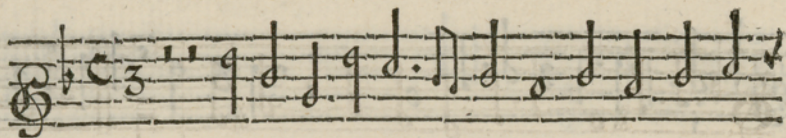


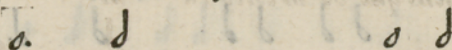
*On m'en veut en vain diuertir,*
*La raiſon n'a rien qui me touche,*
*Mon eſprit n'attend pour ſortir*
*Que le dernier ſoupir qui doit fermer ma bouche.*
*Teſmoins.*

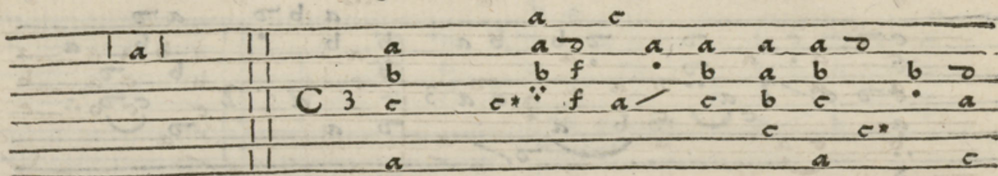


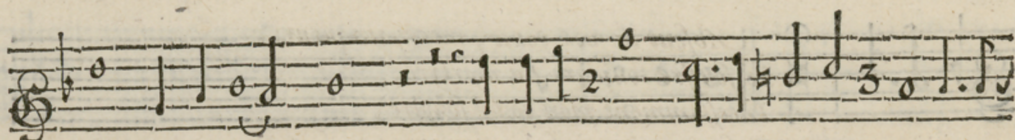




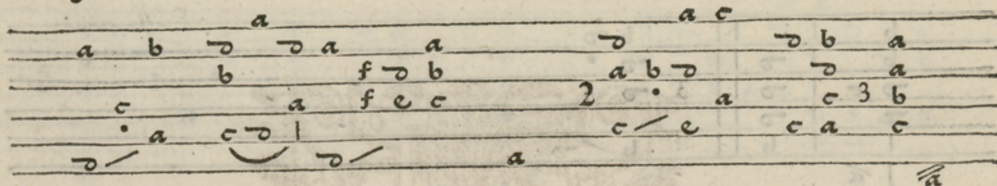


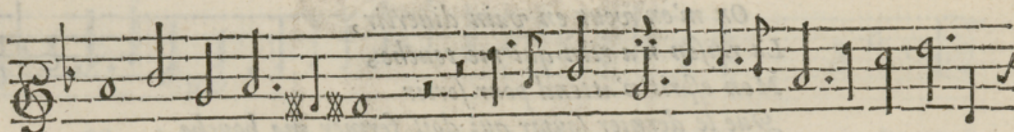


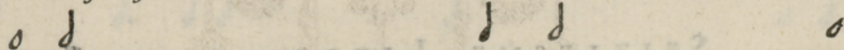



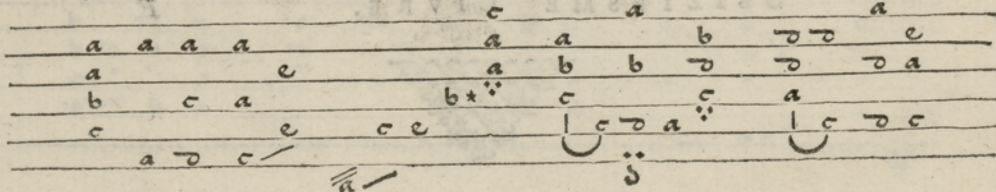


*ame est blessé- e, Ne peut de- fendre à sa pensé- e D'expri-*







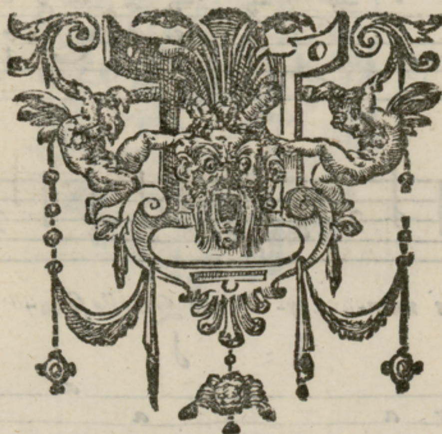



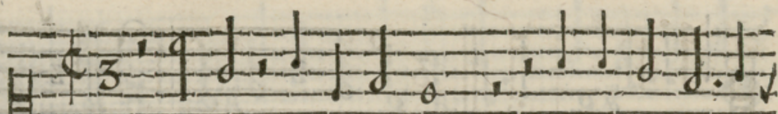
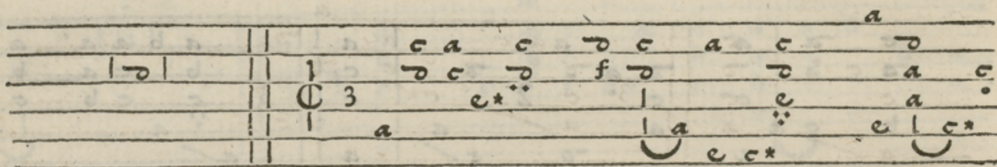
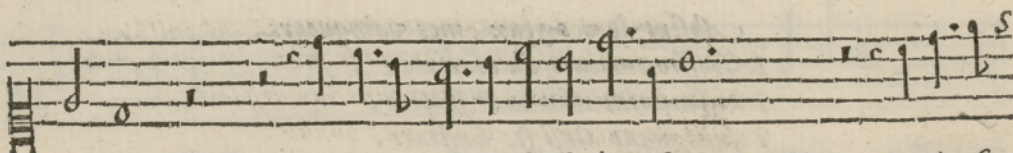
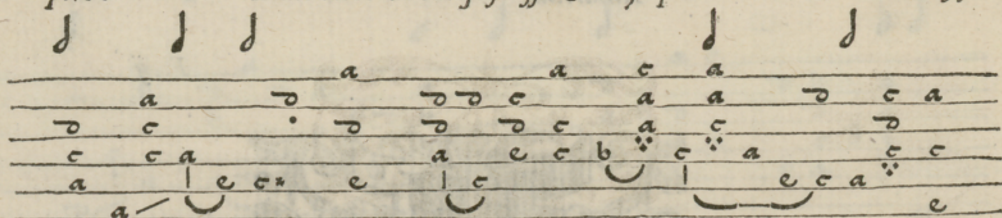
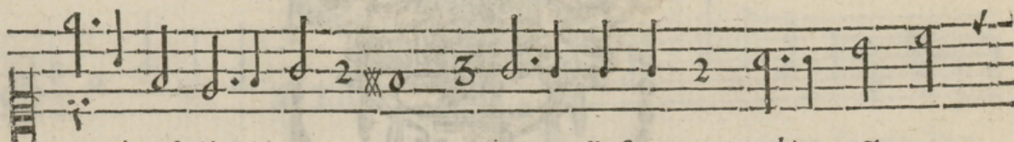
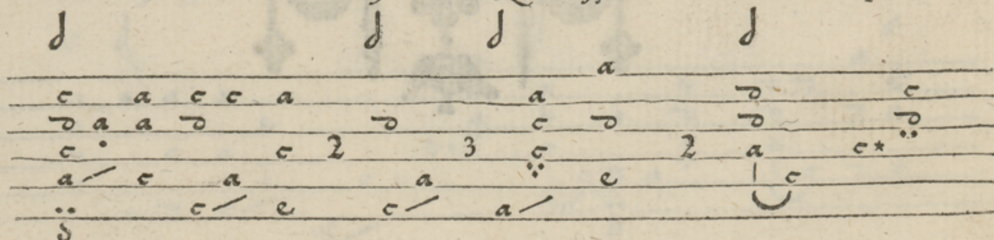
le moment que vo⁹ m'estes ra- ui- e. e. Amaril-

c a a a a a b a a a
a a d a d c b c a b
c c 2 c 3 c c b c
b c a a a a c
c d c a a

*Absent de vos yeux, mes vainqueurs,*
*Ie souffre toujours du martyre:*
*Incessamment mon cœur soupire,*
*Tesmoignant ainsi ses douleurs.*
*Amarillis.*





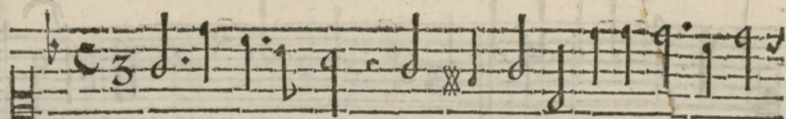


'Ayme, c'est vn grād mal, Mais ce n'est pas le


pire: Dans cette amour je souffr' & n'ose pas Faire sça-


uoir à Philis le mar- ty- re Qu'elle sçau- ra bien-tost par


*mon tres- pas. pas. Faire sça-*

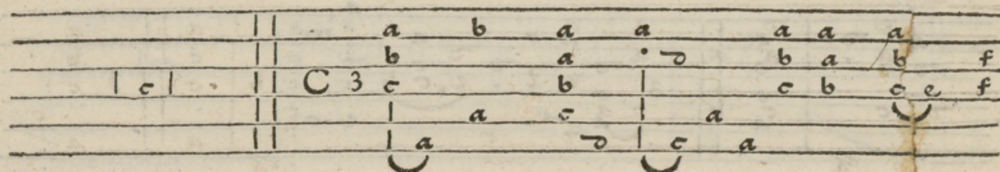
*Ie sçay que de languir, que mourir, & me taire,*
*C'est mesme chose en l'estat où je suis:*
*Mais j'ayme mieux mourir sans luy desplaire,*
*Que de guerir luy disant mes ennuis.*

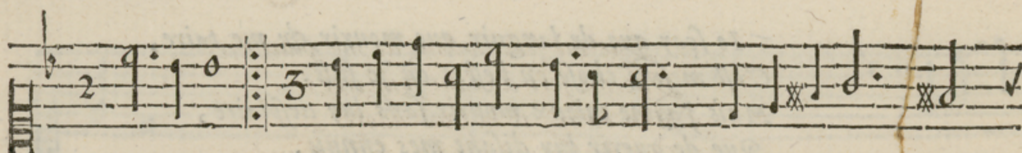




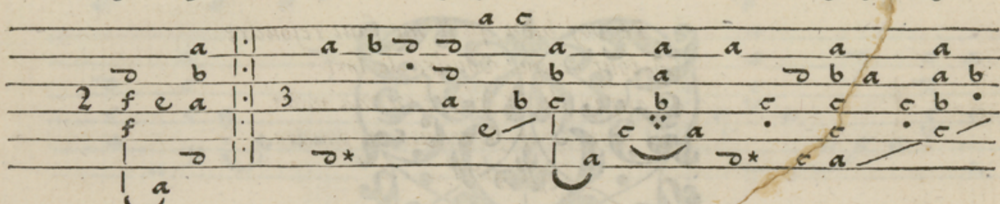


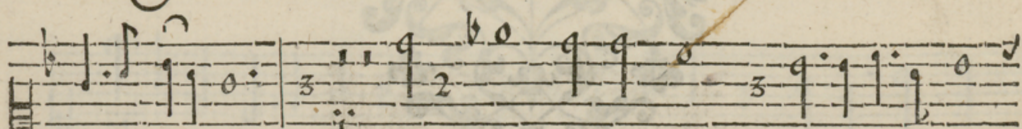
*P Vis que mon amour est vn crime, Et que j'ay la te-*



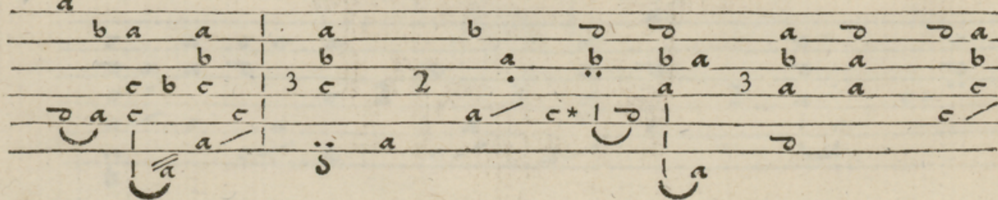


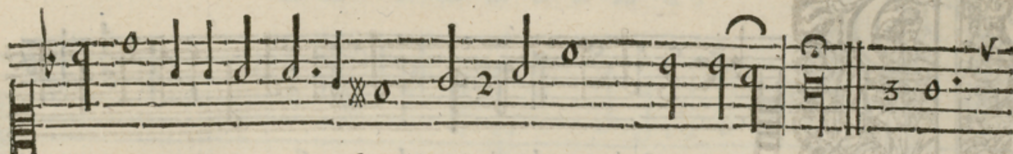
*merité, D'aymer vne di- uinité, Dois-je pas es- tre*



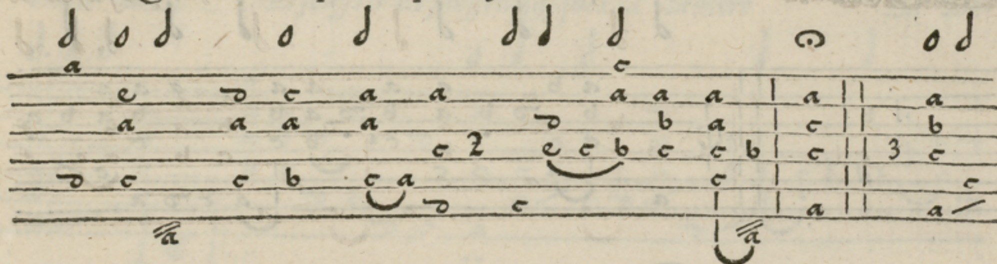


*ſa victi- me? C'eſt ain- ſi que les dieux puniſſent les*





*mortelz, Qui de vœux trop hardis pro- fanent leurs au- telz .*

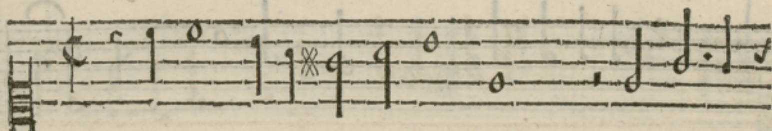


*Que me ſert- il donc de me plaindre?*
*Que me ſert de tant ſouſpirer?*
*Mon cœur, il la faut adorer,*
*Luy dreſſer vn temple, & la craindre.*
*C'eſt ainſi.*

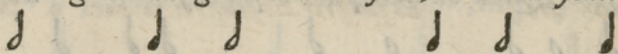
*Ie voy bien qu'il me faut reſoudre*
*A tout ce que voudra le ſort :*
*I'auray de la gloire en ma mort,*
*Si mon cœur ſe reduit en poudre.*
*C'eſt ainſi.*

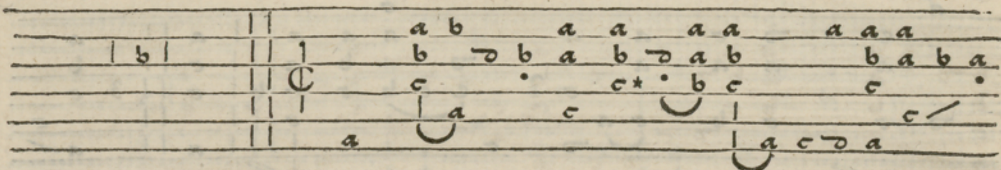


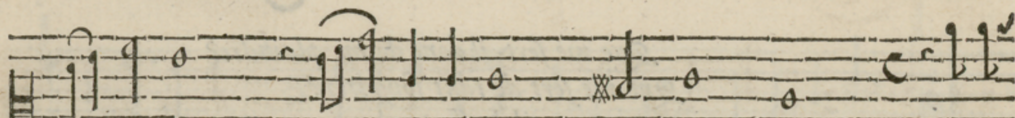




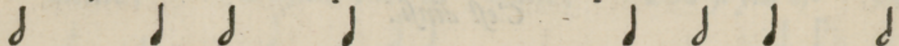
*Laignez la rigueur de mon sort, Beaux yeux! qui*

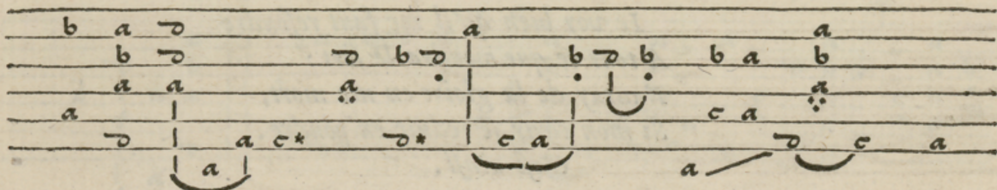


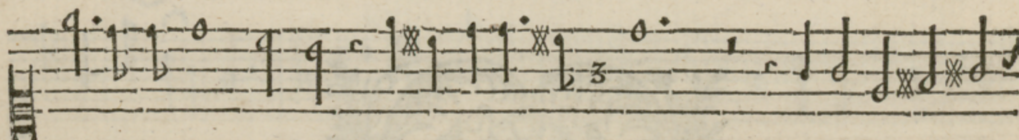




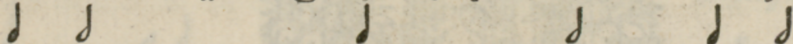
*les voyez, & qui deuez le plain- dre: N'est-ce*

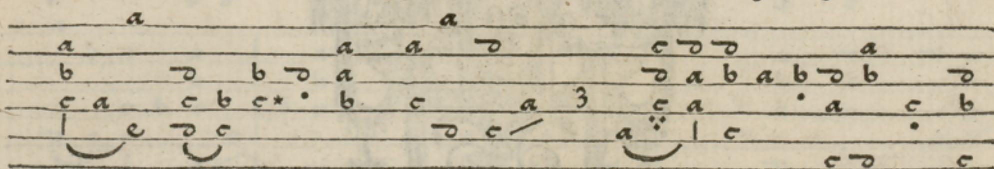


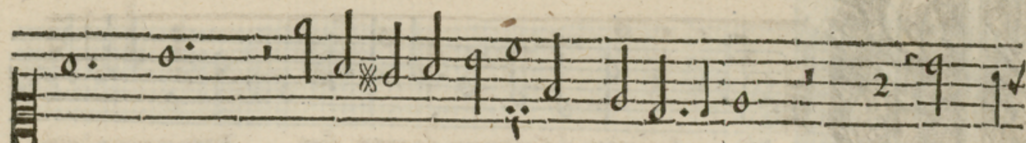




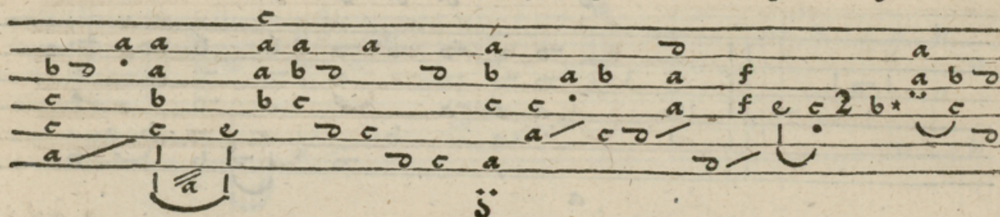
*pas vn cruel effort Que mesm'en soupi- rant il faille se con-*

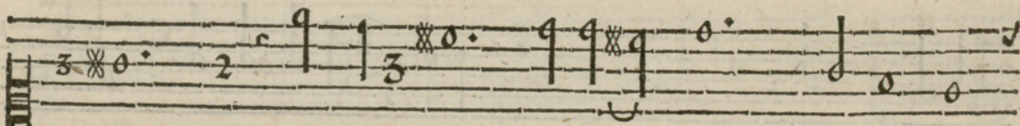




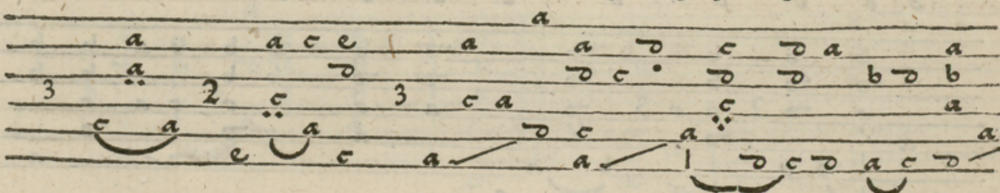


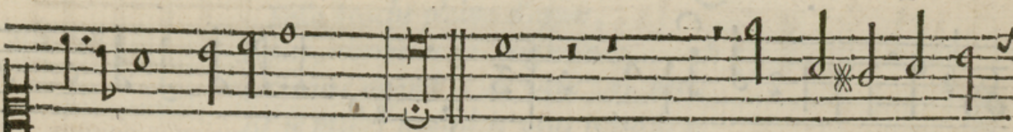
*train- dre, Et souffrir Et souffrir jusques a la mort La dou-*



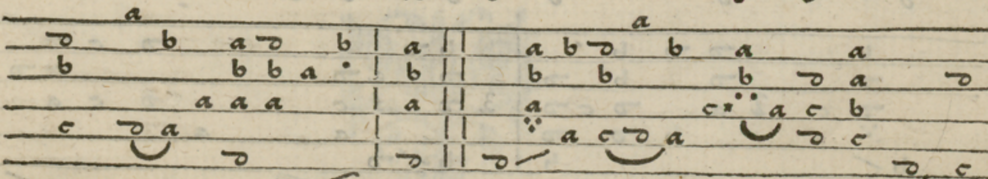


*leur La dou- leur de lan- guir, de languir,*

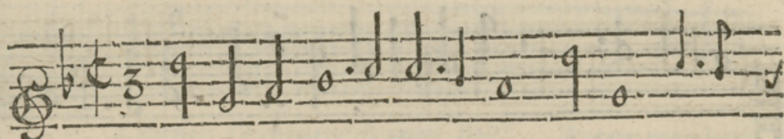




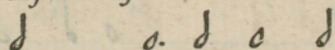
*& la peine de fein- dre. dre. Et souffrir Et souf-*

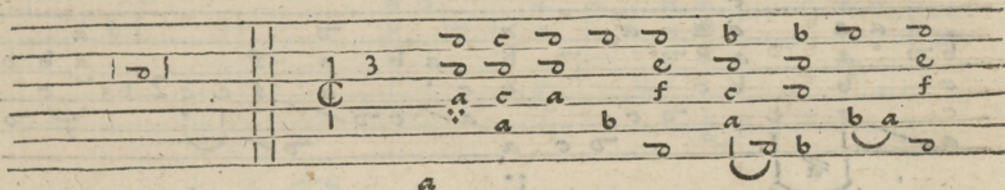


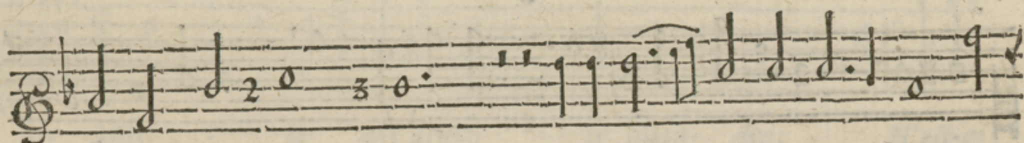




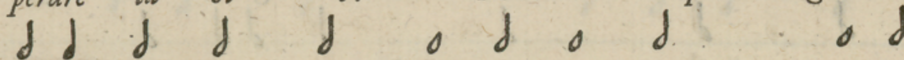
*E ſuis bleſſé de mile dards, Beaux yeux! je vays*

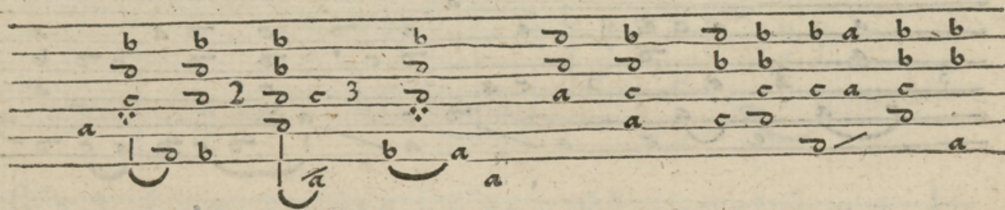


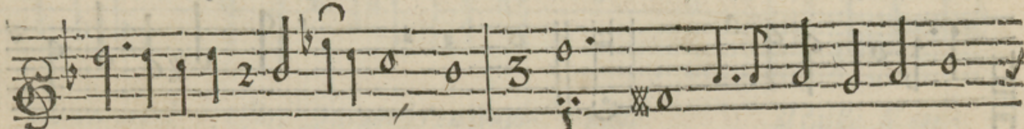




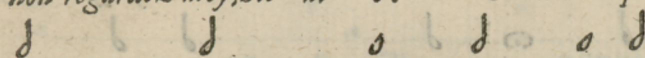
*perdre la vi- e: Deſtournez vn peu vos regards: Mais*

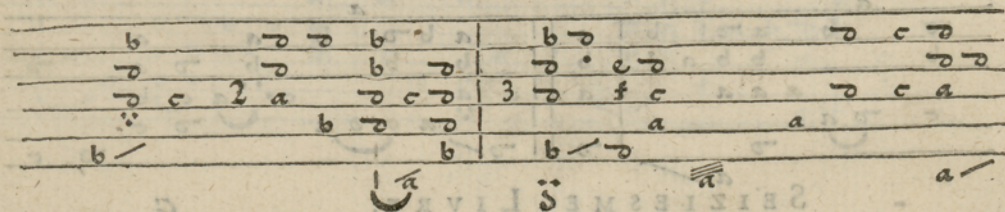


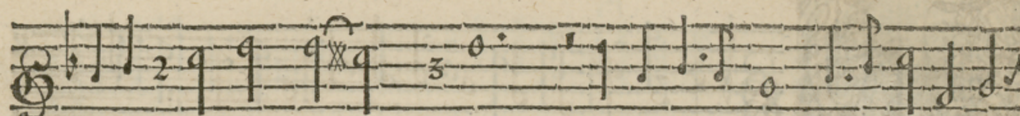




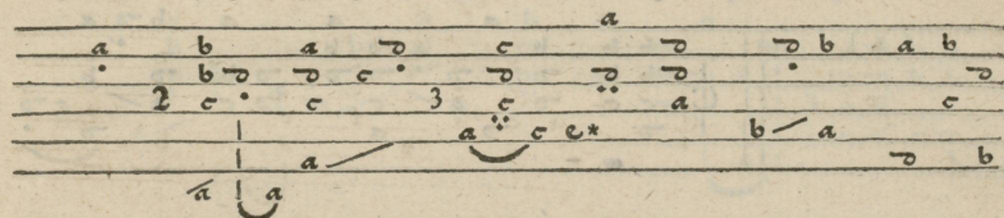
*non regardez moy, Sil- ui- e. O dieux! quel moyen de guerir*

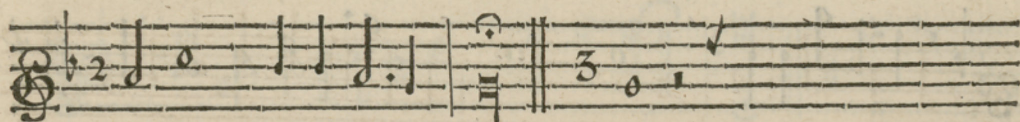




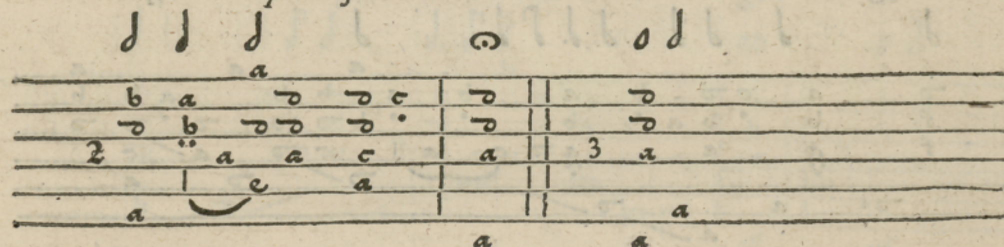


*& que dois-je suiure, S'il m'est impoßible de viure Sans*





*voir ce qui me fait mourir.*



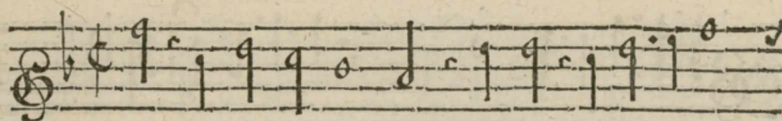
*Belle bouche pleine d'appas,*
*Petite, vermeille & mignarde:*
*Ie meurs quand je ne vous voy pas,*
*Et je meurs quand je vous regarde.*
*Helas!*



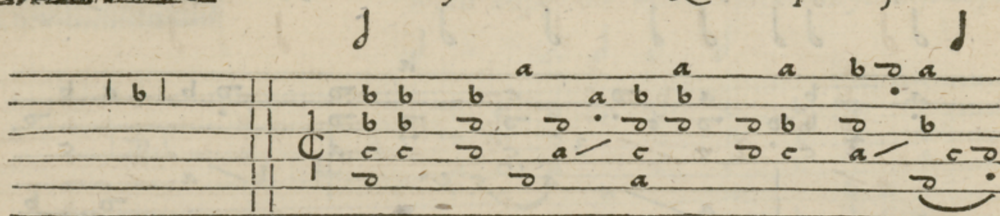


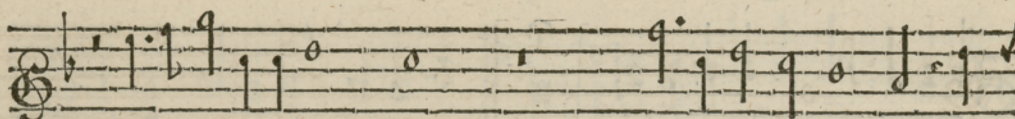
## *Pour le retour de ſa Majeſté.*



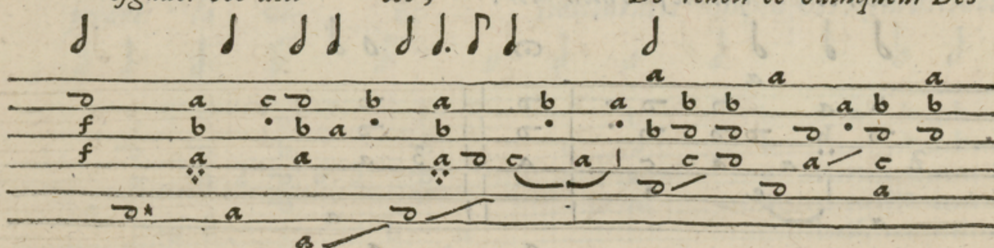


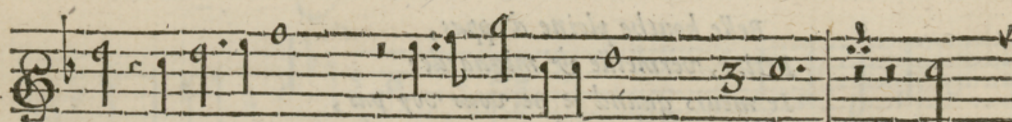
*Mes yeux! ô mon cœur! Quel heur pourra jamais*



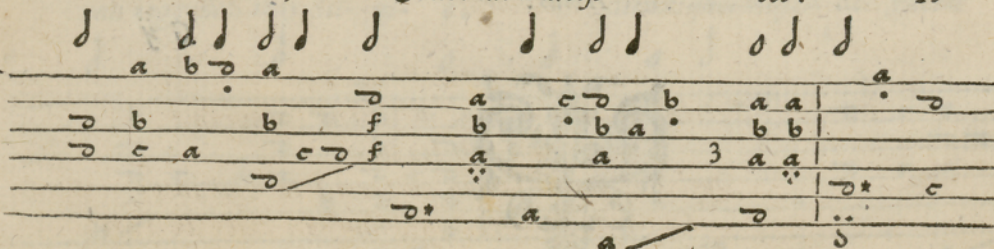


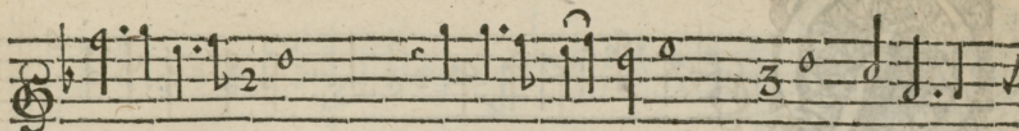
*eſgaller vos deli- ces, De reuoir ce vainqueur Des*



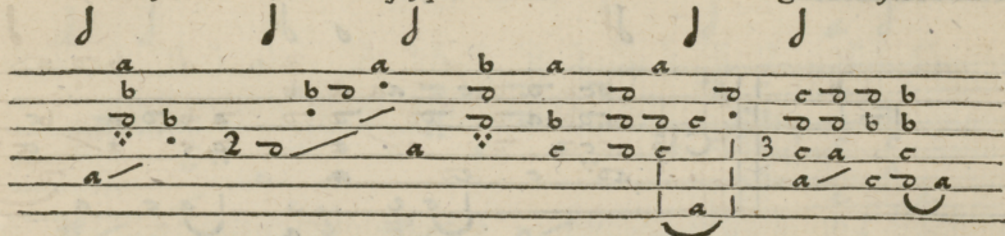


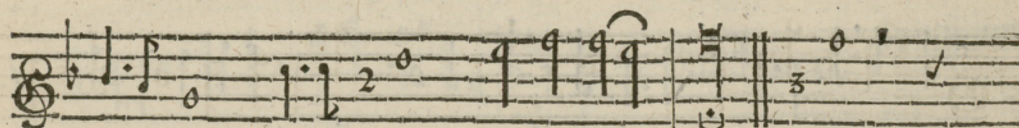
*maux des ennemis, & de tant d'artifi- ces: Il*



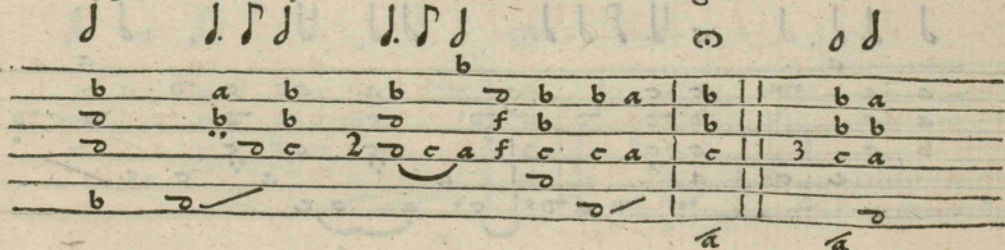


*vient de faire voir jusqu'aux riues du Ta- ge, Et son va-*



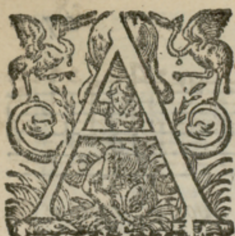


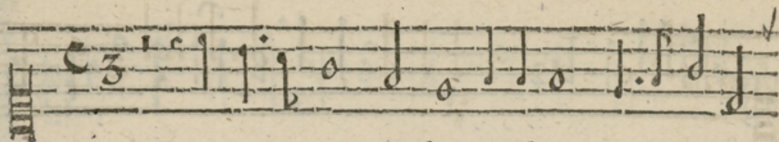
*ste pouuoir, Et son no- ble coura- ge.*



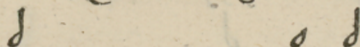
*Tous les Roys ont tremblé*
*Voyant les justes Cieux a ses vœux si propices,*
*Et l'Enfer assemblé*
*N'a peu borner ses faits par ses noirs artifices.*
*Il vient.*

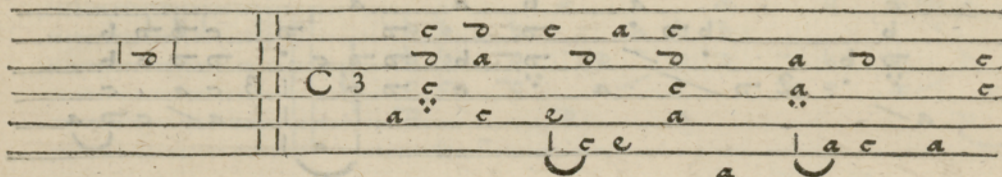
*Cher soucy des Francois,*
*Terreur de l'Vniuers, & des tiens l'asseurance,*
*Range tout sous tes loix:*
*Quel Roy parust jamais ou paroist ta vaillance?*
*Tu viens de faire voir jusqu'aux riues du Tage,*
*Et ton juste pouuoir, & ton noble courage.*

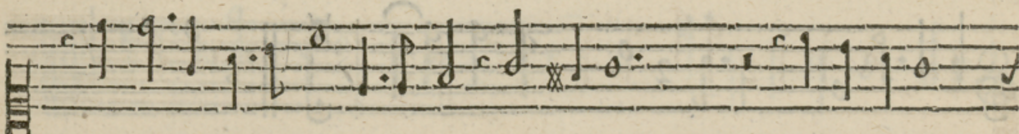




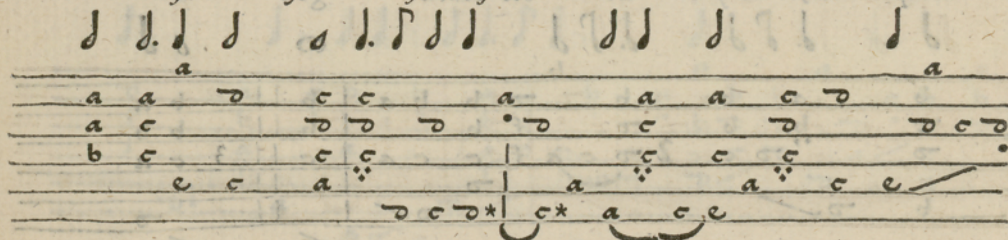
*Quel eſtran- ge choix m'obligez vous, Siluie,*

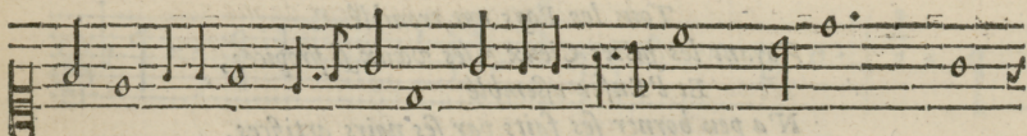




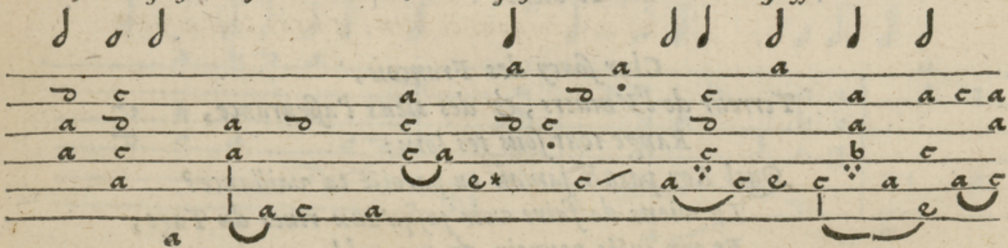


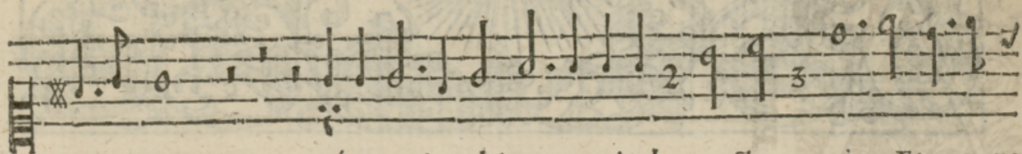
*Vous voir ſans voꝰ aymer voꝰ aymer ſans vous voir: En vous obe-*



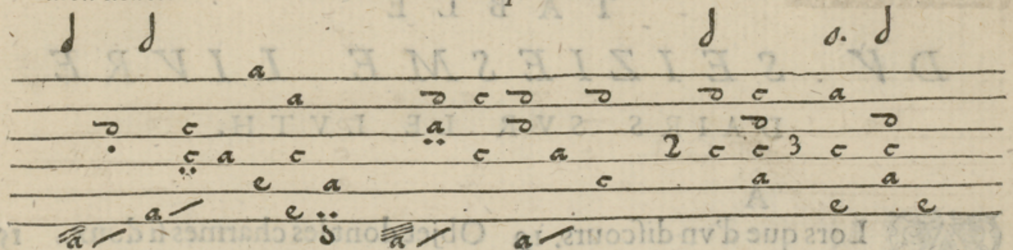


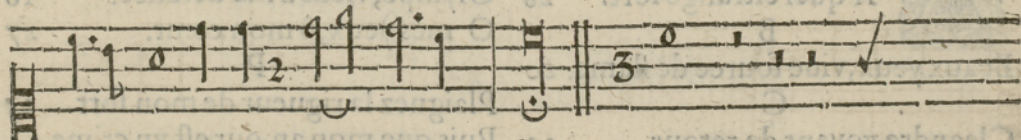
*iſſant je finiray ma vie, Si je fais autrement j'offen-- ce*



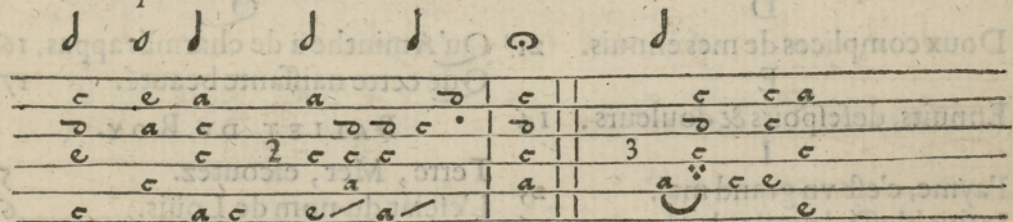


*mon deuoir: Cét arrest ne doit pas venir de vostre voix, Et vous ne*

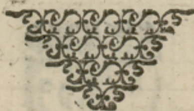




*deuez pas me com- man- der ce choix.*



*Puis que de vous depend le bon-heur de ma vie,*
*Donnez à mon amour cét extresme plaisir:*
*Ne parlez plus d'aymer, loin de vos yeux Syluie,*
*Ie suis tout languissant, & brusle de desir.*
*Reformez cét arrest par vn ordre plus doux,*
*Et m'accordant ce bien, je seray tout à vous.*





# TABLE
# *DV SEIZIESME LIVRE*
## D'AIRS SVR LE LVTH.



FIN.





# TABLE
# DV SEIZIESME LIVRE
## [illegible]



FIN.

